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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

...ssed themselves on the ...provements with the ...ssions. ...mselves a half-hour of ...ing, ...ed in five minutes upon ...d to Paris for the tramp and ...on chestnuts, walnuts, apples; ...then the seasons broke great ...all white with flour and ...

The women were in a hurry, ...on a run. They had each at ...e asylum an infant to look ...parent, household duties to ...dressed by the air of the ...eir eye-lids awaked, their hair ...e dust of velvet-papers, a fine ...made them rough, they has... ...basket on the arm, through ...treet in which the omnibuses ...y with difficulty in the Imm... ...ble.

...ate, seated on a stone which ...other days as a horse-block ...ers, Risler gazed with a smile ...ing of the manufactory. The ...ll of all these rough people, ...d known when he was lowly ...as they, was always a great ...im. The "How do you do, ...sler," spoken by so many differ...ent tonative voices, made his heart ...bilities revealed him without ...gners with long beards, half ...ll artists, grasped his hand as ...and were familiar with him. ...e was in all this a little too ...arity, for the good man had not ...the prestige and the authority ...ition, and there was a certain ...found this negligence very ...But that person could not see ...oment, and the employer took ...the fact to give a vigorous ...d beckoner, Sigismond, who ...st of all, and bare-headed—no ...e weather was—for fear of an ...ood upon the brain.

...he were compatriots. They ...ther a profound esteem which ...their first appearance at the ...from the distant time when ...ted together at the little corner ...p which Sigismond Planus now ...ed ate his daily dish upon the ...ainst the wall.

...the carriage of Fromont Jeune ...p under the gateway. Since ...as been out on business; and ...ers, advancing towards the co...sion in which they dwelt, at ...the garden, talked amica... ...fairs.

...oon to see the Prochassons."

...Jeune. "They showed me ...dels, very pretty ones, indeed! ...s sharp; we have serious ri...

...ot disturbed. He felt him...his talent, in his experience; ...this was very confidential—...e track of a marvelous inven...ed printing press, something— ...d square steam. While Sigismond ...ed the garden, laid out like a ...acias trimmed in the form of ...as old as the hotel, and with ...y which hid the high, black ...

...mont Jeune, Risler Aîné had ...ork giving an account of his ...o his employer. At each step ...talk, for his action was heavy, ...and he had trouble to find ...he could see, above, behind ...eames of the second flat, the ...e which observed all this at...

...sler awaited her husband for ...grew impatient at his good...With her hand she mo... "Make haste!" But Risler ...ve it. He was altogether ...d the infant Fromont, the ...George and Claire, who was ...blooming in her laces upon ...e mine.

...y she is! Your very portrait, ...che!"

...link so, my good Risler? Ev...however, that she looks like ...

...le, but notwithstanding ——" ...re all, the father, the mother, ...e, searching gravely for a re...that tiny sketch of a being ...them with uncertain eyes, ...life and with light. At her ...bbed; Sidonie leaned out to ...were doing, and why her hus...e in.

...ment, Risler had taken the ...rms, all that pretty load of ...ts and of light ribbons, and ...ake her laugh and coo, with ...ways, the looks of a grand...an old air he had, the poor ...d body, which he bent down ...t, his coarse voice, which he ...en it, were alike disgraceful ...

...fe stamped her foot, and mut...her teeth:

...cile!"

...d of waiting, she sent to no...breakfast was on the table; ...was setting a long ear to hear ...t know how so tear himself ...interrupt that explosion of ...ird-like cries. He contrived, ...arm the infant to her nurse, ...up the staircase, laughing ...was still laughing when he ...ining-room; but a look at his ...im instantly.

...seated at the table before a ...dish. From her victim-like ...inly to be seen that she was ...

...ome at last. Very good!" ...wn, a little ashamed.

...id'st thou have, little one? ...

...eady asked you not to thee ...

...It is not genteel!"

...wo are alone?"

...You will never learn how ...to our new fortunes. And ...eut? Nobody respects me ...ille scarcely salutes me when ...is lodge. It is true that I ...ont, and that I have no car...

...ve—little one, thou—that is ...now very well that thou— ...have the use of Madame ...pe. She puts it always at ...n."

...times must I say to you that ...nder no obligation to that ...

...s!"

...ow, 'tis understood—Madame ...goddess. It is unlawful to ...nd as for me, I must resign ...ching in the house, must al...be humiliated, trodden under ...

..., little one!"

...drove to jote pose, to say a ...his dear Madame Chorche. ...ercept. It was the worst of ...ast of once Sidonie broke ...

...ish with her tranquil air, ...ground and wicked. In the ...ounds me—I know it. As ...the poor little Sidonie, to ...brother playthings and ...was well; but now that I ...well as she, it vexes and ...humiliates her. Madame gives me naughty advice, criticises my ways of doing things. I do wrong to have a femme de chambre. Naturally. Have I not been brought up to wait on myself? She takes every opportunity to wound me. When I go to see on Wednesday, you should hear in what tone, before everybody, she asks me the news of that good Madame Chorche! Oh, well yes, I am a Chorche, and she is a Fromont. That keeps up her dignity, I think. My grandfather was an apothecary. And her's, what is it? A peasant! Ah, I will tell her some of these days, if she gets to be too proud, and also that their baby, without their suspecting it, looks like that old papa Gardinois, and I know he is not handsome."

"Pardi!" grunted Risler, who could find a word with which to reply.

"Pardi! Yes, I advise you to admire the baby. She is always sick. She cries at night like a little cat. That keeps me from sleeping. Afterwards in the day-time, I have the pains of the nursing and her insalubrious, la, la, la, la, la! It would not be so bad if it was good music!"

Risler took the wisest course. He did not say a single word; then, at the expiration of a moment, when he saw that she began to grow calm, succeeded in appeasing her with compliments.

"She is dressed up to-day! She will go out visiting presently?"

To avoid this difficulty of theeing and thouing, he took refuge in a vague and impersonal mode of conversation, full of politeness.

"No, I shall not make visits," responded Sidonie, with a certain stateliness. "I shall receive them, on the contrary. 'Tis my day!"

And in face of the astonished, confounded air of her husband, she resumed:

"Yes, 'tis my day! Madame Fromont has one; I can have one also, I think!"

"Without doubt, without doubt," said the good Risler, who looked around him with a little inquietude. "'Tis then for that that I have seen so many flowers everywhere, upon the landing, in the salon?"

"Yes; this morning the servant went down into the garden. Have I done wrong. Oh, you do not say so, but I am sure you think that I have done wrong. Dame! I thought that the flowers of the garden were as much ours as theirs!"

"Certainly—however thou—you—it would perhaps have been better—"

"To have asked for them? 'Tis that—humiliate myself still more on account of a few miserable chrysanthemums and two or three sprigs of verdure. But I did not hide myself to gather them, these flowers; and when she comes up here presently—"

"Is she coming? Ah, that's kind!"

Sidonie leaped to her feet, indignantly:

"How! 'Tis kind? If that's all, may she stay away! I who go every Wednesday to weary myself in her apartments with a pack of posers, of grimacers—"

She did not say that these Wednesdays of Madame Fromont had been of great use to her, that they were for her like a weekly fashion journal, one of those complete publications in which is set down the mode of entering, of exit, of saluting, of placing flowers upon a jardiniere and cigars in a smoking vase, without counting the engravings, the addition to all its contents of the names and addresses of good makers. Sidonie did not say either that she had entreated all these friends of Claire, of whom she spoke so disdainfully, to visit her on her day, and that that day had been chosen by themselves.

Would they come? Would Madame Fromont Jeune affront Madame Risler Aîné by absenting herself from her first Friday? These thoughts worried her to the verge of fever.

"But make haste," said Sidonie at each instant; "how long you are at breakfast, great heavens!"

The fact is that one of the habits of the good Risler was to eat slowly, to light his pipe at table whilst taking his coffee in little sips. That day he was forced to renounce his beloved habits, to leave his pipe in its case because of the smoke, and as soon as the last mouthful was swallowed to go dress himself very quickly, for his wife insisted that he should be present that afternoon to salute the ladies.

What a sensation it caused in the manufactory when Risler Aîne was seen descending, on a week day, in a black coat and fete cravat!

"Are you going to a wedding?" cried the cashier Sigismond, from behind his screen.

And Risler responded, not without some pride;

"'Tis my wife's day!"

Soon everybody in the house knew that it was Sidonie's day; and Père Achille, who took care of the garden, was not well satisfied because they had broken off branches from the winter laurels of the entrance.

Seated before the board upon which he designed, under the clear light of the high window, Risler had taken off his handsome coat, which worried him, had tucked up his ruffles all clean; but the idea that his wife awaited company preoccupied him, disquieted him, and from time to time he re-arranged himself to ascend to his apartments.

"No one has come?" asked he, timidly.

"No, Monsieur, no one!"

In the handsome red salon—for they had a salon in red damask, with a console between the windows, and a pretty table in the middle of the carpet covered with bright flowers—Sidonie was installed like a woman who receives, a circle of fauteuils and chairs around her. Here and there books, reviews, a little work-basket in the shape of a game-basket, ornamented with silk acorns, a bouquet of violets in a crystal glass and green plants in the jardinieres. All this was arranged exactly as in the salon of the Fromonts, on the flat below; only the taste, that invisible line which separates the cultured from the vulgar, was not yet refined. It might be called a mediocre copy of a pretty genre picture. The mistress of the house herself had a dress too new, she had rather the air of being on a visit then at home. To the eyes of Risler all was superb, without reproach; he was about to say so on entering the salon, but before the angry look of his wife, the poor husband stopped short, intimidated.

"Do you see, it is four o'clock," said she, pointing to the time-piece with a gesture of rage. "No one will come. But it is Claire above all who has astonished me by not coming. She is at home; of that I am certain. I have heard her."

In truth, since noon Sidonie had been attentive to the least noises on the flat below, the cries of the infant, a door that was closed. Risler wished to lay down again, to flee the conversation of the breakfast which seemed about to recommence; but his wife would not have it so. It was the least he could do to keep her company, when everybody abandoned her, and he remained there, incapable, nailed to the spot, like those who dare not stir during the thunder storm for fear of drawing the lightning upon them. Sidonie agitated herself, walked back wards and forwards in the salon, rang for her domestic to bid her go ask Père Achille if nobody had called for her. He was so spiteful, that Père Achille. Perhaps, when anyone came, he would say that she had gone out.

But no, the concierge had not yet seen anybody!

Silence and consternation! Sidonie was standing at the left window; Risler at the right. From these they saw the little garden, upon which the night had begun to descend, and the black smoke that the high chimney discharged under a low sky. The window of Sigismond was lighted up the first on the ground floor; the cashier prepared his lamp himself with scrupulous care, and his great shadow stretched out before the flame, bent itself double near the screen. The anger of Sidonie was diverted a moment by these familiar details.

Suddenly a little coupe entered the garden and stopped before the door. At last somebody had come. In the pretty whirlwind of silk, of flowers, of jet, of Brandenbourgs, of furs, which rapidly mounted the steps, Sidonie recognized one of the most elegant of the habitues of the Fromont salon, the wife of a rich dealer in bronzes. What glory to receive such a visit! Quickly, quickly, the household took position, Monsieur at the mantel-piece, Madame in a fauteuil, turning over negligently the pages of a review. Fruitless posing. The fine visitor was not for Sidonie; she stopped on the flat below!

Ah, if Madame George could have heard what her neighbor said of her and her friends!

At that moment the door was opened, the servant announced:

"Mademoiselle Pi——."

It was the cashier's niece, a poor old maid, humble and meek, who had made a duty of this visit to the wife of her employer, and seemed stupefied at her brother's encouraging reception she met with. The family surrounded her, they made much of her, but this is kind of you. Come close to the fire. Such attentions, such interest in her—in few words! The good Risler had warmed to his thanks. Sidonie herself displayed all her graces, happy to show herself in full glory to an equal of the old times, and to think that the others below would hear that some one had come. For that reason she made as much noise as possible in rolling the fauteuils, in pushing back the table; and when the old lady departed, dazzled, enchanted, confounded, she accompanied her to the stairway with a grand rustle of politeness, and cried out very loudly, as she leaned upon the balusters, that she would be at home every Friday. "You understand, every Friday!"

It was now night. The two great lamps of the salon were lighted. In the side apartments, they heard the domestic laying the cover. It was over. Madame Fromont Jeune would not come!

Sidonie was pale with rage.

"The impertinent wretch will not even come up eighteen steps. Madame finds, doubtless, that we are too humble for her. Oh, but I will avenge myself!"

And in proportion as she gave vent to her ire in unjust words, her voice became vulgar, took intonations of the Faubourg, a common accent which betrayed the former apprentice of the Allée Verte.

Risler had the misfortune to speak a word. "Who knows? Perhaps the infant was sick."

Furious, she turned upon him as if she wished to bite him.

"Will you ever stop bothering me with that infant? What has happened is your fault. You do not know how to make me respected."

And whilst the door of her chamber, violently closed, made the globes of the lamps and all the ornaments of the étagères tremble, Risler, left alone, immovable in the middle of the salon, looked with an air of consternation upon his white ruffles, his large varnished boots, and murmured mechanically:

"My wife's day!"

II.

TRUE PEARL AND FALSE PEARL.

"What is the matter with her? What have I done to her?" Claire Fromont often asked of herself as she thought of Sidonie.

She was altogether ignorant of what had formerly passed between her friend and George at Savigny. With her life so pure, her soul so tranquil, it was impossible for her to conjecture what jealous and sordid ambition had been growing up beside her for fifteen years. However, the stigmatization, which smiled upon her coldly on that pretty face, troubled her, she did not know why. To studied politeness, strange on the part of a friend from childhood, had succeeded all at once an ill-disguised anger, a severe and cutting tone before which Claire stood amazed as before a problem. Sometimes also a singular presentiment, the vague intuition of a great misfortune was added to this inquietude; for women are all a little clairvoyant and even among the most ingenuous, the profound ignorance of evil lights up sudden visions of an astonishing lucidity.

From time to time, in the train of a chat a little long, of one of those unforseen meetings in which the faces taken unawares let their true habits be seen, Madame Fromont reflected seriously upon this singular little Sidonie; but life was there, active, pressing, with its envelopment of affections, of preoccupations, and did not allow her the time to stop for these minutiæ.

There comes in the course of age for woman in which existence has turns of route so sudden that all the horizons change, all the points of view are transformed.

A young girl, this friendship which departed from her piece by piece, as if torn away by an evil hand, was left filled her with much sorrow. But she had lost her father, the greatest, the sole love of her youth; then she had married. The infant had come with its adorable necessities for the present moment. Besides, she kept near her mother almost in second childhood, stupefied yet by the tragic death of her husband. In a life so occupied, the caprices of Sidonie had but little place: and hardly had Claire Fromont been astonished by her marriage with Risler. Evidently, he was too old for her; but, after all, what odds since they loved each other.

As to vexing herself because the little Chebe had arrived at such a high position, become almost her equal, her very superior nature was incapable of such littleness. She had desired with all her heart, on the contrary, to see happy and respected this young wife who dwelt near her, lived, so to speak, of her life, and had been her companion in childhood. Very affectionately, she had tried to initiate her, to introduce her into the usages of society, as one does with a country girl well-endowed, who lacks but little to become charming.

Between two young and pretty women, advice is not accepted freely. When Madame Fromont on the day of a grand dinner took Madame Risler into her chamber, and smiling sweetly upon her, in order to see her without displeasing her:

"Too many jewels, pretty one; and, do you see, with high corsage dresses they do not put flowers in the hair," Sidonie blushed, thanked her friend, but in her heart inscribed another grievance against her.

In Claire's circle of friends, she had been rather coldly received.

The Faubourg Saint Germain has its pretensions; but the Marais has its pretensions also!

These wives and daughters of industrial princes, of rich manufacturers, knew the history of the little Chebe, found in it nothing but her present position to entitle her to be among them.

Sidonie had much to learn. There remained in her somewhat of the store-girl. Her amiability a little forced, too humble sometimes, reminded one of the false fem of the shops; and her disdainful attitudes recalled the superb mien of those head ladies called the superb mien of those head ladies who, in the fancy goods emporiums, decked in robes of black silk which they return to the clothes-room each evening when they depart, regard with an imposing air, from the loftiness of their head-dresses with great curls, the inferior people who beat down prices.

She felt herself examined, criticised, and her timidity was obliged to arm itself for war. The names pronounced before her, the pleasures, the fetes, the boxing at which they talked were unknown to her. Claire did her best to post her, kept her on the surface with a friendly hand always outstretched; but, among these ladies, many thought Sidonie pretty. They considered it sufficient that they consented to their entree into their world. Others, proud of the position of their husbands, of their wealth, could not show enough insolent silence, enough condescending politeness to humiliate the little parvenue.

Sidonie confounded them all in a single word: the friends of Claire, that is to say her enemies! But she only bore ill-will seriously to one.

The two partners suspected nothing of what was passing between their wives.

Risler Aîne, always absorbed in his printing press invention, remained somewhere until the middle of the night at his table of design. Fromont Jeune passed his days abroad, breakfasted at his club, and was scarcely ever at the manufactory. He had his reasons for that.

The propinquity of Sidonie troubled him. That passionate caprice he had had for her, that love sacrificed to the last wishes of his uncle too often traversed his memory with all the regret of the irreparable; and feeling himself feeble, he fled. His was a soft nature, without resource, intelligent enough to see itself, too weak for self-control. On the evening of Risler's marriage—married him, only a few months—he had experienced new in the vicinity of this woman all the emotion of the tempestuous night at Savigny. From that time, without having taken any precautions, he had avoided seeing her again, had avoided talking of her. Unfortunately, as they inhabited the same building, as the ladies visited each other ten times a day, chance took place that singular thing, and he, deserted his household altogether and sought for amusement elsewhere.

Claire saw this without astonishment. She had been habituated by her father to that perpetual "on the wing" of commercial life; and during these absences, a jealous in her new duties of wife and of mother, she invented long tasks, work of all kinds, presents to make, long stations in the sun prolonged and calm, from which she returned delighted at the progress of the baby, penetrated with her little joys and laughter in the open air, with somewhat of their radiance in the depths of her serious eyes.

Sidonie also went out much. Often, towards night, George's carriage as it passed the portal, made step aside quickly Madame Risler in superb toilet, returning after long walks in Paris. The Boulevard, the displays of grand, bright, lingering lights, made as if to relish the novel pleasure of buying, kept her very late from home. They exchanged a salutation, a cold look at the turn of the stairway; and George entered his apartments hastily as if they were a refuge, hiding under a flood of caresses bestowed upon the infant which was held out to him, the shock he had suddenly experienced.

Sidonie seemed to remember nothing, and to have kept only contempt for that cowardly and weak man, besides, she had many other preoccupations.

In their red salon, between the two windows, her husband had installed a piano.

After much hesitation, she had decide l to learn to sing, thinking it a little late for Claire to begin the piano; and when a Madame Dobson, a pretty, blonde sentimentalist, came to give her lessons at one o'clock in the afternoon. In the silence of the great surrounding court-yards, those a—a—a—, those o—o—o, prolonged with perseverance, gave to the manufactory the aspect of a boarding-school.

It was, truly, a school-girl who was practicing there, a little soul inexperienced and wavering, full of unavowed desires, having all to learn and to know in order to become a true woman. Only her husband did not soar above the surface of things:

"Claire Fromont plays upon the piano; as for me I will sing. She passes for an elegant and cultured woman, I want them to say as much of me."

Without thinking for a moment of instructing herself, she passed her time in running to the shops, the furnishers: "What will they wear this winter?" She had a penchant for costly finery, for all that strikes the eyes of the passers.

Of those false pearls that she had so long handled, there had remained a trace at the tips of her fingers, a little of their sham mother-of-pearl, of their hollow fragility, of their lustre without depth. She was herself a false pearl, round, brilliant, well-set, in which the vulgar would crop out; but Claire Fromont was a true pearl, of a brilliancy at once rich and discreet, and when they were seen together, the difference made itself felt. It was plain that the one had been a pearl always, a pretty little pearl from infancy, increased by the elements of elegance, of distinction which had made a nature rare and precious. The other, on the contrary, was truly the work of Paris, that worker in false gems who sends forth thousands of vanities, charming, brilliant, but not solid, badly assorted, badly put together: a very product of the little trade of which she had been a part.

That which Sidonie begrudged most of all to Claire was the infant, the luxurious baby, covered with ribbons from the curtains of her cradle to the bonnet of her nurse. She did not think of the sweet duties, full of patience and abnegation, of the long rockings of difficult slumbers, of the laughing awakings sparkling like fresh water. No! In the infant she saw only the possession. Twas so pretty, that dashing arrangement of floating baby-clothes and long feathers which follows young mothers in the whirlwind of the streets.

She had to accompany her only her parents or her husband. She preferred to go out alone. Then, in her own a curious fashion of playing the lover, this good Risler, toying with his wife as with a child, pinching her chin and cheeks, roaming around her with cries of "Hou! hou!" or regarding her with his big, tender eyes like an affectionate and thankful dog. This foolish love, which made her a plaything, an enjoyable porcelain, filled her with shame. As to her parents, they troubled her on account of the society in which she wished to move, and soon after her marriage, she disembarrassed herself of them a little by hiring for them a small house at Montrouge. They had cut short the frequent invasions of M. Chebe in his long overcoat, and the interminable visits of the good Madame Chebe, to whom returning good fortune had brought back her old habits of gossipping and idle life.

At the same time, Sidonie had w... send away the Delobelles also, wi... pinquin, married her. But the Ma... a centre for the old actor, on accou... proximity of the theatres of the B... besides, Desiree clung, like all pe... sedentary habits, to the known ... and her sad dwelling, warmed in ... in winter after four o'clock, seemed ... a friend, a familiar face that the sun ... up sometimes as with a smile on ... count. Sidonie, not being able to ... them, had adopted the plan of not seeing them.

In fact, her life would have been solitary and dull enough without the amusements that Claire Fromont procured for her. Each time this was an irritation. She thought:

"All must come to me through her!"

And when, at dinner time, they sent her from the flat below a ticket for an opera box or an invitation for the evening, whilst dressing, charmed to display herself, she thought only of crushing her rival. These occasions, besides, had become rare, Claire being more and more occupied with her infant. However when Grandfather Gardinois made a trip to Paris, he never neglected to re-unite the two households. The gaiety of the old countryman had need, in order to bloom, of this little Sidonie whom his pleasantries did not scare. He took them all four to dine at Philippe's, his favorite restaurant, of which he knew the proprietors, the waiters, the butler, spent a great deal of money, and from there conducted them to a box hired in advance at the Opera Comique or at the Palais-Royal.

At the theatre he laughed loudly, talked familiarly with the female box-openers as with the waiters at Philippe's demanded in a high tone foot-stools for the ladies, and at the departure wanted the overcoats, the furs, before anybody else, as if beware the only parvenu three times millionaire in the hall.

For these parties a little vulgar, which her husband for the most part shunned, Claire with her habitual tact dressed herself soberly and almost imperceived. Sidonie, on the contrary, all show outside, paraded herself before the boxes, laughed heartily at the stories of th grandfather, happy to have descended from the third or the second tiers, her place formerly, to those beautiful grand-scenic ornamented with mirrors, the velvet boxes of which seemed to her made expres for her light gloves, her ivory lorgnette and her spangled fan. The triviality of publicaces, the red and the gold of the hangigs were true luxury for her. There she bo... like a pretty flower on paper in a ardiniere in filigree.

One evening, at a play in ogue at the Palais-Royal, among the ladi present, the painted celebrities, wearing microscopic hats, provided with tunes fans, and whose trimmed-up heads cannot from the shadow of their decorations ove the stage their corsages like portra... vely ani... ed, the behavior of Sidon, her toilet, her manner of laughing and staring were much criticised. All the loetics of the theatre, aded by that magic current so strong and the chandeliers are directed little by litt towards the s which she occupied. C became oubled; and, discreetly, she ade her hand, who unfortunately had ecompanied them that evening, exchange his ...her.

George, young, ...ant, side Sidonie, had the look of he ...d companion, whilst, behind them, Risler always so calm, so detached, seen in his proper place by Claire, who hidden in her vestments a little somb... modest woman disguised at a *bal de l'opera*.

On departing, each of ...o partners took the arm of his neighb... ox-opener and Sidonie, speaking each: "Your husband," and the little wo... al felt a thrill of pleasure.

Your husband!

This word, so simple, had ...ice to o... throw her balance and toir ... in her heart a legion of evil things th... traversed the lobbies, the ... of her ... at Risler and Madame "Chobe" before them. The elegance of ... to her crushed, vulgarized by be... of Risler. She said to herself: "... must make me look when ... together!" And her husband, ... thought of the couple, charming, admired that they would have ma... and George Fromont, whose arm trem... under hers!

Then, when the blue coupe came to ta... the Fromonts at the door of the theatre, ... the first time she began thinking that after all that woman had stolen her place, and that she had the right to strive to regain it!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW THE INDIANS CLIMB TREES.—In South America even the weakest woman may be not uncommonly seen picking the fruit at the summit of the bark is so smooth and slippery that they cannot go up by climbing, they use other means. They make a hoop of wild vines, and putting their feet inside they use it as a support in climbing. The negro of the west coast of Africa makes a similar hoop around the tree and gets inside, and locks it up like a screw with his hands, a little at a time, drawing his legs up after it. The Tahitian boys tie their feet together, four or five inches apart, with a piece of palm bark, and with the aid of this fetter go up the cocoa palms to gather nuts. The native women of Australia climb the gum trees after opossums, where the bark is rough they chop holes with a hatchet, then one throws about the tree a rope over as long as will go around it, puts her hatchet on her cropped head, and, placing her feet against the tree and grasping the rope with her hands, she hitches it up by jerks, and pulls herself up the enormous trunk almost as fast as a man will climb a ladder.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

In a memorial of "The International Association for obtaining a uniform decimal system of Measures, Weights and Coins," presented to Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer, in March, 1859 it is estimated that the adoption of the Metric System would save in the management of the London & Northwestern R. R. £10,000 ($50,000) a year; and in the various departments of Her Majesty's Government not less than £500,000 ($2,500,000) every year. When we consider that this computation was made by competent authorities, and remember that the amount saved would be saved *every year* by a *single* railroad, it is evident that the total saving made by the adoption of the Metric weights and measures would be almost incredibly large. The same proportionate saving would be effected in every market, store, factory, counting-room, in short everywhere, for in business life nearly every sentence spoken or written contains some expression of quantity.

THE Orpheonic societies, in Europe, are to hold a monster re-union in Paris during the Exposition of 1878. An appropriate concerted piece for a chorus 5000 strong is in course of preparation.

DREAM —OF— SPRING.

Translated from the German of Johannes Van Decsall for the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[This story was commenced in No. 29, Vol. 14. Back numbers can always be obtained].

CHAPTER X.

A year passed, a long series of disappointments and sufferings, an endless train of painful days and hours, how slowly, how wretchedly did it creep by! how much I had to bear! I almost sunk under the burden! The storm of life had shaken me; a tempest had seized me and swept away all the tender blossoms of spring; the strong, young tree was nearly rooted out, but, thank God, the worst was over. Labor, incessant hard work was the opiate that soothed my pain, was the balm for my bleeding heart; feverish activity was the remedy with which I quieted my mind, and overcame those cruel recollections of the past, and those imaginings which drove me almost to insanity. I have fought like a hero, and have conquered at last!

But I appear to myself like a tree stripped of its leaves; like an old man, aged, in this one year. What days, ah! what nights!

But there is—

"In each woe a blessing folded."

I worked restlessly, gave myself up entirely to study, to find oblivion for my grief, and I reaped the fruit of my labor; my industry brought me good profit, rich reward. I increased my knowledge and gained much esteem and fame. My design for the new Theatre in W—— received the prize, and from that time my achievements were noticed in the papers, and I became known.

When I left Dresden, as mentioned above, it seemed an eternity before I reached Berlin. I was all impatience to see Adda again. I hastened to the hotel, and found there the old Staatsrath and Frau Schulz in an unprocured, embarrassed frame of mind. Adda was not visible. I almost fainted [illegible] when I heard that her aunt Veronika had so much charmed her with the result of her kind intentions." I could then fully regard the young people world settled in Dresden; she wanted to see and also to enjoy a growth of a happiness for the establishment of which she had so eagerly But unfortunately, experience taught her that ingratitude is the reward in the world.

Mr. Blunt had informed her without ceremony that the climate of Dresden did not agree with him, and that on this account, he preferre Paris as a place of residence.

"You re, *mon ami*, that I was right; ancle conclian laughs a you all," wrote Margot. Frau von Veronika congratulated me on my success, of which she read in the papers, the words were so warm and unexpected that I really felt [illegible] Adda was [illegible] her letter, but informed me Mr. Blunt and Monsieur Heine had safely reached Paris, and expressed much delight at the prospect of [illegible] at last confess that I had been in the little new-town.

Concerning Mr. [illegible] was that she has reached the [illegible] within a few days, to which [illegible] into the gentle Adda. [illegible] formation he [illegible] her own letters and [illegible] she sent for her [illegible] she is looking more charming [illegible] ed very [illegible] ice; she [illegible] pretty girl, her figure [illegible] ed her appeared, the singular [illegible] harmonious gradually [illegible] called curls is exceedingly [illegible] arrangement entirely [illegible] If she [illegible] hope so. [illegible] she, perhaps [illegible] ye old tor-

"Adda!" the [illegible] I was calling [illegible] and when [illegible] grief, sarcastic [illegible] brilliant sort!"

[illegible] ses; yet one does [illegible] he possesses such [illegible] already failed once in [illegible]

[illegible] escaped her, she blushed [illegible] husband looked so perfectly [illegible] ful at her that I immediately [illegible] hinder she had come [illegible] olent cough of the old gentleman, embarrassing silence after, [illegible] erstand and this communication [illegible] intended for my ear—it gave me a deal to think about. But enough [illegible]

[illegible] orning my prospects, I have buried [illegible] ve. I will labor, make a name for myself, gain riches if possible, and see the [illegible] I will travel in order to enlarge my knowledge, to increase my knowledge, and to recover entirely. I am still young, the world is open to me. I will go to Italy, perhaps to Spain; I will study the famous masterpieces of architecture in Germany, Belgium and France. I have already begun to learn the language of these countries. I will stay away for two years, will acquire and enjoy, it may be, that a happier life will open for me in a distant land.

By the way my villa in Loschwitz Town I own still. I could several times have sold it profitably, but, clinging closely to that charming little spot. It is rented now; strangers gather my flowers and enjoy my fruit—later perhaps, in the far-off future I, myself, may settle there. It is so sweet to possess a home, however small, that one can call his own, a haven of refuge in all changes.

CHAPTER XI.

In the summer of 1869 I arrived at the Southern railway at Paris, coming directly from the Pyrenean peninsula. Browned by the hot sun of Spain, I entered the capital of France full of the impressions of a strange world, satiated almost surfeited with the wealth of color of the South. I had recovered from the greatest pain that life brings. I was a man again, and my mind had at last regained its balance; only seldom now did a sorrowful shadow of remembrance pass over my soul, disappearing as quickly as it came. The beautiful, fickle Adda presented herself before me only in my dreams and then against my will.

I came to Paris to remain some months, in order to complete my studies. I could look back with some pride on the last year, for I had been very active abroad. My portfolios were filled, I had gained new prizes, new honors and rich rewards. I was a new-made man; instead of losing on my journey, I had filled my purse and had sent home a small fortune and invested it safely. I was young, strong, and felt an untiring energy for work. I was free from care and happy, for to obtain success in a vocation which has become dear to us is, perhaps, one of the purest and highest pleasures on earth.

How rejoiced I was that I could now spend some months profitably and delightfully in beautiful Paris! In the quiet, aristocratic Rue de Lille, not far from the hotel of the Russian embassy, I hired a cool, spacious lodging, with kind people, where I could work agreeably, and began to feel at home. I took a Parisian servant, and bought for myself—what a luxury—a small, elegant dog-cart and a swift trotter, and thus was ready to begin my studies and excursions. In the morning hour I worked with zeal; I examined the archives and collections, I designed and drew plans, sometimes listened to lectures or arranged the drawings in my portfolios. The afternoons and evenings were devoted to recreation and amusement. I then drove out into the charming environs of Paris, to the Porte Janne and Joinville, to Asmeses and Meudon, but most frequently to the lovely, green Eughien. I had become so thoroughly changed, I had so entirely blotted out the painful memories of the past, and was so taken up by the new and beautiful around me, that I quite forgot to inquire whether Mr. Blunt and his wife might possibly be in Paris; though I should only have needed to open the directory to assure myself that the unfaithful Adda breathed the same air with me. To be frank, the thought of Adda was about her often came to me, but I always banished it as a temptation—I would not see Adda again. Why should we open old wounds?

The empire was then in its highest glory; Paris was an Eldorado—all pleasure and splendor! People rushed from one enjoyment to another. Yes, Paris possessed then its peculiar, alluring attraction. Everything was smiling, rich and comfortable: one felt captivated and at home from the first day. I came from the South; for more than a year I had been in Italy and Spain, where I became conscious with every breath that, amid all the beauty of nature, I was only a stranger; where climate, people, and mode of living presented so strong a contrast to those to which I was accustomed, where the light and sun blind one, and the gayly colored, almost too noisy life becomes in time a burden. How the easy, cheerful life of Paris charmed me, how thoroughly I enjoyed it, how many chords of life vibrated upon my ear, how the invigorating northern air refreshed me! I drank it in in long draughts, I floated on the great stream; or if I wished to be alone that I might rest from all enjoyment, then I went back to my quiet, cool room on the other side of the Seine, whither the noise of the great city did not penetrate.

I had been six weeks in Paris, and was sitting one afternoon in the Cafe du Helder, waiting for my soup and an acquaintance, when the waiter handed me a note. In it my friend, a talented young artist, Mr. Jules Bonneville, informed me that he had been detained, and unfortunately could neither join me at dinner nor go with me afterwards in my carriage to Eughien, as we had agreed, but he promised to follow in the evening by railroad and begged me to wait for him there. In consequence of this, I ate my dinner alone, lighted a fragrant Trabuces and with the little coachman behind me, sitting proudly with folded arms dos-a-dos, I drove down the Boulevards towards the Champs Elysees. There is no better place for driving quickly and pleasantly than such a light dog-cart with high wheels and good springs. The horse, which goes in short shafts, has nothing to carry and almost as little to draw on a good road, he trots along almost unincumbered; while one, sitting above on the high, narrow seat, seems rather to fly than to drive, and can look about him freely. My horse was a pretty, fleet animal, with good lungs and strong legs, a real *cheval de mattresse*, easy in the hand, and with good paces. Like an arrow we fly over the Macadam, in the shade of the trees to the Champs Elysees, then up the wide avenues to the Arc de Triumphe. Here I turned off to the right into the Avenue d'Essling, and in a few minutes in Asnieres. I stopped a minute on the long stone bridge and surveyed the splendid panorama of the winding Seine, with its lovely shores, and the crowd below me on the water; the steamboats, the hundreds of small boats and gondolas with their parti-colored, merry human freight, their waving streamers and shining sails. But already the hoofs of my horse clattered on the pavement of Asnieres; we went at a slow pace up the steep bank of the river, continually passing villas and country houses, parks and gardens, as far as Argentenil. Here I again crossed the Seine, and leaving the picturesque heights of Samois and Le Grallen on my left, I arrived in a few minutes at Eughein les Bains, the favorite resort of fashionable Paris.

Before the hotel of the Quatre Pavillons I sprang to the ground, and giving up to the groom the care of carriage and horse, I took my sketch-book and wandered into the winding paths of the park. What a comfortable *dolce far mente* to sit there under the overhanging trees on the shore of the lake! The sunbeams glittered on the broad surface of the water, ruffled by a fragrant breeze that brought the half vanishing harmonies and melodies of music, now almost dying away, now lightly swelling out again. Hundreds of gayly painted gondolas adorned with flags, floated on the lake; and the waves, gently lulling to sleep, splashed against the wooden pier. Merry little parties sit and lounge on the grass in the shade or under the pavilions. They have left hot, dusty Paris for a few hours to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the coolness here; everywhere bright garments, waving veils and shining eyes glimmer through the foliage. Children play with balls and hoops, and, down on the shore, pretty girls with broad straw hats, eager for prey, threw their fishing lines into the water. Everywhere there is pleasure, light, sunshine and merriment. Oh charming Eughein! Oh beautiful, enchanting France! You, how pleasantly one dreams here under the trees, lightly rustling and tossing now and then into one's lap a withered leaf. How softly does the refreshing air fan one, as it wanders down from the adjacent mountains across the sea, bringing coolness! It is an attractive, cozy little place, this Eughein, a little Paradise.

Since the reign of Louis XVIII, who, by the advice of his physicians, used the sulphur-baths here, Eughein has come into fashion, the court and the elegant Parisian world began from that time to make excursions thither, and it needed only this impulse to bring it quickly into vogue Nature had done so much; art lent a helping hand. Round the lake they had made parks, built castles, hotels, villas and cottages; they had laid out streets and railroads. The lake d'Enghien is six thousand paces long and half as wide, and is from one to three metres deep; the Rivulus Le Vieux flow through a canal to the Seine, and near it lies the attractive, coquettish Moulin la Galette. Two railroads by way of St. Denis and Argenteuil accommodate the very lively intercourse between the capital and merry Eughien. People drive out, arrange little regattas in the gilded gondolas, gather flowers, sup, drink milk fresh from the cow, ride on donkeys, swing, croquet and dance cotillions and polkas on the green grass, or listen to lively music till it is time to return home, when they throng to their various vehicles to drive, in the darkness of night, the short distance to great, bustling Paris—*toujours gai*—always merry, that is the motto of Eughien. I dined yet before a cafe on the Boulevards in the moonlight, a glass of Seltzer water, a kiss, a sigh, a look and one lies down upon his bed with the consciousness of having spent a pleasant day.

I had long since finished my cigar. I gave audience to my thoughts, following the merry games of the gayly dressed children or looking around now and then to observe the pedestrians. Then I took my sketch-book in my hand mechanically—as a good German I could not be idle, even while enjoying myself, and the South had not been able to initiate me into the mysteries of Khef—I sought and found a little pavillion on the opposite shore, which peeped prettily from among the foliage of the trees and shrubbery. I began to sketch it and was soon so completely absorbed in my work that I forgot my surroundings. I looked up again for the first time from my paper, when a gentleman came out of the house and came near me. I had heard a light, melodious laugh, which awoke vague recollections in me. I asked myself involuntarily where I had heard that voice before, which seemed so familiar and moved me so peculiarly. I took a hurried look at it to see better and looked at them attentively. I had a full view of a handsome, very fashionably dressed gentleman, saw two elderly ladies in profile and the back of a third lady, apparently much younger. I recognized none of them; I had made a mistake, they were strangers, French people. They chatted with the vivacity of their talkative nation. The young gentleman constantly showed his shining, white teeth and smirked at the young person, whose features I could not see. The old ladies appeared respectable and apparently belonged to the higher class of society. They interested me little and I continued to work quietly at my sketch. Then—suddenly—I heard that merry, hearty, short laugh like the cooing of a turtle-dove!

How peculiarly it moved me, how I started and looked restlessly and eagerly over there! It was the younger of the ladies who laughed. I could see her fine, elegant figure outlined in bold, almost imperceptibly this way and that, being set off to advantage by the shimmering dark green silk that she wore. I saw the noble contour of the head with its knot of thick, dark hair, the graceful shoulders, the elaborated arm of the bench, the slender, white fingers, with their rosy, shining, pointed nails and the narrow circlet of gold upon one. I listened attentively to the conversation and racked my brains with the inquiry: Who can she be, or of whom does she remind me so strongly? My agitation increased to such a degree that I could work no longer. Once my inquiring eyes met those of the young man with the white teeth, and, [illegible] that addressed persistent listener. I looked away and bending again over my work, I drew more eagerly, but more inattentively than ever. *"O ceil—quel grand poison!"* the same voice suddenly cried out. How I knew it! Could it be possible! That O ceil!" Then I saw the young lady jump up and hasten to the shore, while her fashionable companion followed more slowly. I saw also the cause of her exclamation. Two young girls, who were fishing there were trying in vain to draw to land a large carp which they had caught. People ran thither from all directions and I too followed out of curiosity to see the sight. There lay the poor carp, gasping and writhing on the grass, while the girls stood looking in his awkward upper gill, and they crowded around it as if it were a prodigy.

There stood that lady too; I saw her large dark eyes sparkling behind her veil, saw how she clapped her hands with delight and heard her cry: *"Quel grand poison! quel joli poisson!"* She was all life and gayety. Now she threw back her veil and bent down in order to see better, and then she rose again and looked around

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

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Saturday Evening, January 13 1877

THOSE CLUBS.

Many thanks to the numerous friends of the POST who have raised clubs and forwarded them when renewing their own subscriptions. The look for 1877 is made very cheerful by such efforts. They are coming in by every mail, from all parts of the country, and the pleasant words which accompany them are most cheering.

"The POST only needs to be known, to be the most widely circulated, as it is the best paper of the kind" writes one enthusiastic friend. We are glad to believe this, and accordingly repeat our request, please tell your neighbors about it. We do not ask our friends to work without remuneration. We shall be pleased to send out thousands of volumes of choice books as premiums, in addition to the many already forwarded to those who have earned them. See list on fifth page and take your choice.

DEMAND A REFORM.

Again the whole country is shocked by a disaster carrying suffering and death to a hundred or more victims. A railroad train on the Lake Shore Railroad carrying one hundred and seventy five passengers, broke through the bridge over Ashtabula Creek, Ohio, and plunged down some seventy feet into the ravine below. In addition to the slaughter caused by the smashing of the cars and drowning in the creek, a greater number were burned to death, the cars having taken fire from the stoves and lamps.

It may be impracticable to insure absolute safety from broken rails and bridges, but one element of the horror in railroad disasters can be entirely prevented. It is possible so heat and light cars so that no fire will be communicated to the train in case of a smash-up.

There should be at once a universal demand and stringent legislation compelling this reform. Surely painful lessons enough have been given to show its necessity. It is too much to expect that railroad managers will adopt improvements not demanded by the public; they never have and never will. So long as travelers will take the risk of roasting, they will be permitted to do so. Now, while the matter is thus painfully present, let there be universal pressure brought to bear, to compel the change.

The use of iron cars would diminish by more than half the dangers incident to collisions and other accidents on the rail. Their use should be enforced. Let the subject be agitated until all possible safety is secured.

DAILY AMUSEMENT.

The publisher of a newspaper who does not have at least one hearty laugh in a day, when examining the letters which have come in, must be a cynic, or have the blues, or his correspondents differ much from those who write to the POST. There are such queer mistakes, odd requests and singular fancies.

For example, here is an envelope inclosing several dollars. No letter with it, no scrap of paper, no name, no clue to where it came from save the post-mark outside, and that too indistinct to tell whether it comes from Mississippi or Massachusetts. To know the writer, we must wait a week or two until there shall come a letter blowing everybody up sky-high, because the papers ordered and paid for have not come to hand.

It seems strange that a man should forget to sign his name after writing a letter, especially when he has enclosed money, but such letters are very often received.

Plenty of people omit to mention the State in which their post-office is located, and as almost every State has Washingtons, Jeffersons, etc., etc., it's only guess work to try and select the right one.

The above are rather vexatious than amusing; there is plenty of fun in the phases of human nature exhibited. Here, for instance, is a letter asking whether Mr John Smith, who formerly lived in Maine, is now a resident of Philadelphia. By looking through the directory, getting the addresses of the hundred or more John Smiths who live here, and tracing them all out, we might be able to answer the letter satisfactorily. As this is out of our line of business, we can only smile at the simplicity of the question.

Begging letters are too numerous to mention. "I have taken your paper for years," is the general apology made for asking something gratis. Publishers may have very kindly feelings for the world in general, and no doubt do have for their subscribers in particular, but they can only laugh at the absurdity of the claims often made upon their good nature.

"What do you pay for articles?" is an almost daily inquiry. When we answer "From nothing up to five hundred dollars," the young writer is inclined to strike a fair average and expect, say about a hundred dollars. Usually in such cases the laugh is at the expense of the young hopeful.

We like a good laugh, but as we are receiving hundreds of letters daily, there is hardly time to stop for amusement, and we therefore highly appreciate the epistles of of those who write common sense plainly, briefly, and with care to give the *State* from which the letter is sent, as we are glad to say the majority of our subscribers do.

A DIFFICULT ART.

To rebuke evil-doers is an undoubted duty, but to do it effectually requires something more than indignation against wrong doing. Men are hardened by hot words hurled at them. The offender is furnished with immediate defense by the injustice of over-statement or angry harshness. The first effort should be to array the delinquent's own conscience on your side, to gain an entrance to his better nature by sympathising with him in his pity for himself. Let the statement of the offence be plain, but calm. Assume that the guilty one is conscious of dereliction, and do not endeavor to harrow up his feelings to make him sensible of the enormity of his offence. Even if he be callous, such a course will not soften, but will render him more hardened. Apparent indifference is by no means conclusive proof that a man does not feel condemnation for his evil courses. Solidity is more frequently a mask than genuine deadness of soul.

It is not necessary to ignore the guilt in showing sympathy and reaching the inner heart of the man when he is bemoaning his sad fate. Let pity be shown because he is guilty, not because he suffers from guilt. In short befriend the man, and let him feel that you would help him overcome himself; not that you delight to sit in judgment on him, and are thus, perhaps unconsciously, making his evil the occasion of glorification of your own superiority.

He who was without spot or blemish, was yet the recognized friend of the fallen, and his life declared that pity, not condemnation was the need and the hope of the world.

CURE FOR THE "BLUES"

In almost everybody's experience, are times when the East wind blows blue and dark visions of disaster which will never occur, shut out the sunshine of life: times when resolving to be happy is as useless as trying to change the weather by turning the barometer upside down. It is very easy to say of a person so beclouded "its only nervousness; why does he not shake it off?" But the nerve machinery by which comfortableness, hilarity and smiles are turned out, cannot be righted by rough self shaking. A well organized watch would resent such treatment, much more the delicate and intricate nerve fibres.

Too often the wretched man seeks and finds temporary relief in drugs, opium, whiskey or other excitants only to find his tormentors return largely reinforced from these devil breeding potions, and his last state is worse than his first.

An almost certain relief, and one most easy of application under such circumstances is to employ some one else to be happy for you, just as one would hire a man to do any work for which his own strength is inadequate. There are plenty waiting for engagement in every locality, fully competent to perform it. A bedridden cripple for a fee of a dollar or two with which to supply his pressing wants will be capital help. Such a smile and a "God bless you" as he can give will stir the springs of pleasure in the giver's soul and make him forget half his trouble's. A poor widow rejoicing in the gift of a barrel of flour will furnish rejoicing for a week. A load of wood here, a pair of shoes there, and a good dinner yonder, will be more a match for a whole legion of blue devils. Try it once.

MODEL COMPOSITIONS.

A friend sends us the following *bona fide* "compositions" written by children at school in an Eastern State:

SKATING

Skating is good to break your neck with. And then have to be sent to the hospital. And then have your mother crying after you. And then perhaps die.

BIRDS.

I wounse had two burds one of them the cat killed and one of them dide with a umer (humor) in its bed and the one the cat killed we gut stuf.

THE ELEPHANT.

The Elephant has no hands, and so he uses his long bill.

HSU-CHIEN-SHEN (Pronounced with a sneeze and two chuckles) it is reported has been appointed Ambassador from China to England. "He brings with him three hundred thousand dollars as a gift of frankincense and myrrh" says a contemporary. Hum—rather a large amount to be all in scents.

A COMMERCIAL exchange gives the startling intelligence that "dressed bugs are moving briskly to the seabord market." We hope they will not stop in Philadelphia; there is an over supply here now. Our street cars bristle with them.

THE SOLUTION.

BY MRS S. L. OBENHOLTZER.

I see a face in the glass,
And I wonder if it can be
The face of the merry lass
That used to laugh back at me.

I note the braids on the coils
Of a silvered chestnut hue,
And I ask are they the spoils
Of a golden ringlet crew.

I linger pitying over
The lips that were scarlet flame,
And the roses that bloom no more,
On cheeks that lilies claim.

The eyes—ah, the secret's caught!
It is gray, not azure, I trace,
The cruelest of visitors have wrought
This marvelous change of face.

The fates would laugh at her ease,
And the crinkled threads of gold
Would mingle the rose and breeze
If blue was color to hold.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

BY A TRAVELLER.

I visited Mount Hecla, in Iceland, just before its terrible eruption in 1845, and the following is a brief narration of a fearful adventure which happened to me upon that sublime and desolate elevation.

Having procured a guide, I set off at an early hour on the morning following my arrival in Salzun (at the foot of the extinct volcano), praying for fair weather, good luck, and a safe return.

As you push on, ascending summit after summit, on your way to the great and awful centre of all you find the danger, dreariness, and desolation gradually increase to the most terrible sublimity—till at last, when you do finally stand on the highest verge of this raving world of chaos, you instinctively pray heaven, with an icy shudder shivering through your miserable frame, to restore you to the life you seem to have left forever behind you.

Vain, indeed, will I attempt to convey to any mind the awful scenes of desolation that surrounded me when at last I stood more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the highest peak of the barren Hecla!

Six mortal hours—three on horseback and three on foot—had I been clambering upward from the world below; and now, among the very clouds that rolled and swept around me, I stood in a world of lava mountains, ice and snow—the lava black as midnight, the snow of blinding whiteness—and not in all that region a tree, a bush, a shrub, a blade, or even a solitary living thing, excepting myself and guide! Far as the eye could reach, when the moving clouds permitted me to see, was a succession of black, jagged hills, snow-crowned peaks, glistening glaciers, and ice-bound streams, into whose inanimate solitudes no human foot had ever penetrated—a world without plant or life—the very desolation of desolation—filled with yawning chasms and dreadful abysses.

Wrapping one of the blankets about me, to protect me from the freezing cold, and cautiously using my pointed stick to try every foot of ground before me, I now began to move about, over blocks, and heaps, and hills of lava, and across narrow chasms, and pitfalls, and patches of snow and ice, my faithful guide keeping near, and often warning me to be careful of my steps. In this manner I at length ascended a ridge of considerable elevation, stumbling my way to the top, and now and then displacing fragments of lava that rolled crushing down behind me. As yet I had seen no signs of the mouth of the crater, which eighty years before had vomited forth its terrific and desolating streams of melted black sand; but on reaching the summit of this ridge, I looked down into a sort of basin, open at the lower side, and having some three or four deep seams or chasms in the centre, into to which the melting snow and ice, on its sides, were running in small streams. A peculiar and not very agreeable odor came up with a thin, smoky vapor, and I fancied I could hear a distant sound, something between a gurgle and a rumble.

"I suppose this is the original crater?" I said, turning to the guide.

The fellow was as pale as death, and every feature expressed surprised allied to fear.

"What is the matter?" I quickly demanded. "Have you never seen this spot before?"

"I have seen this place before, master," he replied, "but never anything like this. When I was here last, there was no hollow here, but only a level plain of snow and ice."

"Indeed!" exclaimed I, feeling strangely interested. "What, then, do you infer—that there is about to be a fresh eruption?"

"I fear so, master. What can have caused this change? You see there is heat below, which has melted the thick glacier, and only a few streaks of ice now remain above the upper part of the sides, while all the centre is gone."

"And the ground has a slight feeling of warmth to it," I rejoined, as I bent down and laid my hand upon it.

"Let us leave, master," returned the fellow, hurriedly, looking around with an expression of fear; "I do not like to remain here; we may be destroyed at any moment. Let us hasten down and report what we have seen."

"Nay," said I, feeling strangely interested and fascinated by the perilous novelty; "I do not think there is any immediate danger, for the snow and ice, as is plain to be seen, have melted slowly; and before I go down to return, I should like to venture into this basin, and look down into one of those chasms."

"Oh, no, master," replied the guide, with nervous anxiety; "do not do it. It might cost you your life."

"At least, I will risk it, if you will agree to wait for me," said I, fully determined on the venture, even though I were to go without his consent.

"I will wait," he answered; "but, remember, master, you go down against my advice."

The crater or hollow was about fifty feet in depth, with gently sloping sides; and using my pointed stick, with the greatest care, I forthwith began the descent, often stopping to try the temperature of the lava with my hand, and finding it growing gradually warmer as I proceeded, though not sufficiently so as to excite any alarm. In a short time I reached the bottom, and stood on the verge of one of the seams or chasms which opened far down into the heart of the mountain. It was about four feet in width, zigzag in shape, and emitted strongly the peculiar odor before mentioned. A small, trickling stream, from a melting layer of ice above, was rapping into it; but I could only see that it was lost in the deep darkness below, from which came up a kind of hissing, boiling, gurgling sound, with something like a rumbling shock at slight intervals and gentle puffs of heated air.

Giving no heed to my guide's earnest solicitations, I now resolved to sound, if possible, the depth of the chasm before me, and then proceed to inspect the others; and for this purpose I broke off from a larger one a small block of lava, and, advancing to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down, and listened to the hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from side to side, long after it was lost to the eye. The depth was so immense that I heard it for more than a minute, and then the sound seemed rather to die out from distance, than to cease because of the stone having reached its destination. It was an awful depth, and fearfully impressed me with the terrible; and as I drew back with a shudder, a gust of hot, sulphurous air rushed and roared upward, followed by a steam-like vapor, and a heavy, hollow sound, as if a cannon had been discharged far down in the bowels of the earth.

This new manifestation of the powers of nature fairly startled me into a desire for flight; and I had already turned for the purpose, when suddenly there came a sort of rumbling crash, and the ground, shaking, heaving, and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dread abyss. I was thrown down, and, on my hands and knees, praying heaven for mercy, was scrambling over it and upwards, to save myself from a most horrible fate, when two blocks, rolling together, caught my feet and legs between them, and effectually chaining them, held them as if in a vice. Then came another crash and crumble, the lava slid away from behind me, and I was left upon the very verge of the awful gulf, now widened to some fifteen or twenty feet, down which I looked with horror-strained eyes, only to see darkness and death below, and breathe the almost suffocating vapors that rushed up from that seemingly bottomless pit.

Oh the horrors of that awful moment! what pen or tongue can portray them? There, a helpless but conscious prisoner, suspended over the mouth of a black and heated abyss, to be hurried downward by the next great throe of trembling nature!

"Help, help, help!—for the love of heaven, help!" I screamed, in the very agony of wild despair.

I looked up to catch a glimpse of my guide; but he was gone, and I had nothing to rely on but the mercy of heaven; and I prayed as I never prayed before, for a forgiveness of my sins, that they might not follow me to judgment. It might be a second—it might be a minute—it might be an hour—that I should have to undergo a living death; but, be the time long or short, I felt that there was no escape from a doom that even now makes me grow pale, and shudder when I think of it. Above me was a clear blue sky—beneath me, a black and horrible abyss—around me, sickening vapor that made my brain grow dizzy. Rumbling and hissing sounds warned me that another convulsion might occur at any moment, and another would be the last of me. Home and friends I should never see again, and my tomb would be the volcanic Hecla! I strove, with the madness of desperation, to disengage my imprisoned limbs, but I might as well have attempted to move a mountain. There I was, fixed and fastened for the terrible death I was awaiting. Oh, mercy! what a fate!

Suddenly I heard a shout; and looking around, I beheld, with feelings that I can never describe, my faithful guide hastening down the rugged sides of the crater to my relief. He had fled in terror at the first alarming demonstration, but had nobly returned to save me, if possible, by risking his life for mine.

"I warned you, master," he said, as he came up panting, his eyes half starting from his head, and his whole countenance expressing commingled terror and pity.

"You did—you did!" I cried; "but oh! forgive and save me!"

"You are already forgiven, master; and I will save you if I can—save you, or perish with you."

Instantly he set to work with his iron-pointed stick to break the lava around my limbs, but had scarcely made any progress, when again the earth trembled, and the blocks parted, one of them rolling down into the yawning chasm with a dull, hollow sound. I sprang forward—I seized a hand of the guide—we both struggled hard, and the next moment we had both fallen, locked in each other's arms, upon the solid earth above. I was free, but still upon the verge of the pit, and any moment we might both be buried to destruction.

"Quick, master!" cried the guide; "up! up! and run for your life!"

I staggered to my feet, with a wild cry of hope and fear, and, half supported by my faithful companion, hurried up the sloping sides of the crater. As we reached the ridge above, the ground shook with a heavy explosion; and looking back, I beheld with horror a dark, smoking pit, where we had so lately stood.

And then, without waiting to see more, I turned and fled over the rough ground as fast as my bruised limbs would let me. We reached our horses in safety, and, hurrying down the mountain, gave the alarm to the villagers, who joined us in our flight across the country till a safe distance was gained. Here I bade adieu to my faithful guide, rewarding him as a man grateful for the preservation of his life might be supposed to do.

A few days later, when the long-silent Hecla was again convulsing the island, and sending forth its mighty columns of fire and streams of lava, I was far away from the sublime and awful scene, thanking Heaven I was alive to tell the story of my wonderful escape from a burning tomb.

A SENTIMENTAL STORY

Hal was a fellow clerk of mine in a great financial house, and we were great chums. He was poor as a church mouse, but well connected. He lived with his mother in a little cottage in the suburbs of New York. His maternal was a worldly old party, always urging him to marry a rich cousin, one Miss Araminta Tunks. Hal decidedly objected.

"Fancy, Fred," he said to me "being thought a tuft hunter for the sake of a woman who probably has red hair and squints, and who rejoices in the sweet name of Araminta Tunks. Could you go to church with a name like that for forty thousand a year? Fancy a woman with that name wanting to be loved for her herself alone," he added, and refused to go near her.

One day he came to me raving over the charms of his mother's new maid, who had it appears, been in the house only a week, but who had taken his susceptible heart by storm. Her name was Jessie May. She was an orphan, and he had been at once smitten with her charms. He came to consult me, not only on the general question, but because he suspected her to be already engaged, and was half mad with jealousy and despair. He had seen a beautiful ring, formed of two hearts blended into one, which she wore on her forefinger, and when he questioned her about it, she blushed, and refused to satisfy his curiosity, telling him only that the ring had been given her by some one she loved better than any one in the whole wide world. I persuaded him to take no notice of the ring; but if he thought he could win her, to go in at once like a man and put his fate to the touch. He took my advice, but resolved to know all about the ring first. So one day he asked her the name on it; but she still refused point blank to tell him, pouting prettily all the while.

"Well, then, tell me what he is to you!" he exclaimed. "Don't let me die of suspense—if hope deferred. Have I a chance?"

Jessie made no reply for a moment, but her eyes twinkled with mischief as she slipped off the ring and put it into her pocket.

"The person who gave it to me was the one I ought to love better than anybody else."

"But you don't!" cried Hal, with rapture. "You love me better, Jessie?" and he caught the ringless hand and kissed it rapturously.

"Jessie tried to draw her hand away, but he held it fast.

"Say yes, Jessie—that you love me best, now."

"Yes," whispered the sly damsel, snatching her hand away and dancing out of sight just as Mrs. Dornton appeared on the scene.

"Henry I am ashamed of you!" said, or rather screamed, that good lady. "As for that shameless hussy, she leaves my house this very day!"

"Hold, mother, this is my house, and she shall never quit it. She is to be my wife and must be treated with respect."

"Oh! oh dear! have you forgotten your cousin Araminta?" groaned Mrs. Dornton.

"How should I remember her when I never saw her?" ejaculated Hal.

"Wouldn't it be best to see her, then?" put in a meek little voice.

"No, no!" Jessie darling I'll never see her more. You, and you only, shall be my wife, and we'll work for riches."

Jessie shook her head sadly, and waved him off when he went to approach her.

"No, Hal, you had better see your cousin, and do as your mother wants you. As for me—"

She brought the ring from the depths of her pocket and attempted to put it on.

He dashed forward and possessed himself of the hand before she could get it upon the finger. A clear ringing laugh burst from her lips.

"Why, Hal, I believe you are jealous of this ring."

"I mean you shall never have anything more to do with that person," answered Hal.

"Never have anything more to do with my mother?"

"Your what?

"My mother, Araminta Elizabeth Tunks, whose initials it bears."

"What!" almost shrieked Mrs. Dornton.

"What!" gasped Hal, as he dropped her hand.

"My dear niece," fawned Mrs. Dornton.

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well. It does not pay to spend much time trying to cultivate Northern grains, fruits or garden vegetables, and new-comers should bend all their energies towards the establishing of an orange grove; though some corn or sweet potatoes can be raised in the grove while the trees are young.

Orange seedlings begin to bear in from about six to eight years; occasionally a five-year-old tree may be found with a few oranges on it. Sour trees, or four-year-old sour seedlings may be transplanted in autumn or winter and budded the following July or August, and will bear in two years, and occasionally in one. Sweet seedlings, budded, will also bear one or two years sooner than those not budded.

People must not come here expecting to get rich in a hurry. It takes several years of hard labor, and almost constant care, to get an orange grove established and in bearing order; but oh! when the task is accomplished, what a feast to the eye and the palate is a ripe Florida orange! I say *Florida* orange, because the oranges of this State are becoming justly celebrated for their large size and superior flavor. And if we may believe the universal testimony, a bearing grove is a sure source of profit as well as pleasure to the fortunate possessor. The tree alone is a marvel of beauty from the time the tiny seedling shows itself above the ground till it becomes the majestic full grown tree. And when the tree becomes loaded with the luscious yellow fruit, it is truly a wonderful sight, and I do not think it is strange that so many are coming here from the colder states to engage in the cultivation of this queen of fruits.

The forests is a fruit, in my estimation, superior even to the orange, bears in from eighteen months to two years from the time the young sucker is set out. Guavas and figs bear as soon or sooner, so new-comers can have some fruit of their own raising very soon after settling here.

The Autumn and Winter climate of Florida is another attraction that is drawing many from the cold Northern and Eastern states. Here we have no mud, no snow, and but little frost and but very few stormy days to hinder the farmers from working or the invalid from taking exercise in the open air. The summer season, however, is uncomfortably warm by day and night, and the delightful cool sea breezes that prevail about, I have not found as yet, and new-comers must not expect to find much pleasant weather during the summer.

WE love much more warmly by cherishing the intention of giving pleasure, than an hour afterwards when we have given it.

MAN wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.

THE DAILY OCCUATION OF A TURKISH LADY.

BY A LATE RESIDENT IN TURKEY.

Domestic life in Turkey is altogether different from ours, the arrangements of which much of the comfort of a family depends not being regulated by the mistress of the house. She has very little to do with household matters, reserved not troubling herself with thoughts concerning dress, for as is stated much as we treat our pretty toys, expecting them to be content with what we please to give them to eat and drinking keeping their persons in good condition and happy, gay, and songful in their gilded cages.

A Turkish lady is nothowever, when dressed-up dolls is quite aware that she has responsibilities, and does to live up to what her religion (falsely though) teaches. She begins to ed ready-dressed bagay trousers at all, as has only to slip on her thick outer jacket, or *hi* which takes the place of our dressing-gown still, though she is scrupulously w hands and feet, face, and ears in water, ejaculating as she does so phrases as, "Oh, my ears were so to receive instruction?"—"Oh, th hands were clean from evil deeds!"—though she may stand with bare feet will nevertheless wait to adjust the of her prayer-cloth at that it may point rectly to Mecca and will never neglect modest covering of white muslin thr over the head, notwithstanding there is eye to watch her from the retirement of own room.

Her slave, who has risen to wake, and place her slippers, prays at the same time as her mistress, either in the s room or in an adjoining, and, the thanksgiving finished, the prayer-carpets folded with essential care and put by their wrapper and then both lady and slave creep on to their beds on the floor, and sleep softly under soft wadded quilts, or yourjahas that have the merit of keeping off the fleas mats which arise from the floor. Bought wadded which blankets would or absorb.

Even their pillows and mattresses are of wool, like wadded quilt; the latter are not white, as ours, but has a facing of some bright silk, or coarse muslin, ornament with a stripe, old-fashioned pattern representing flora or animals of most various hues and colors, not to be found in

The mere dressing of the hair is not a long affair, as many ladies wear cut short and just reaching to the neck; but those who can boast of plentiful tresses usually plait them each side, and let it hang down the back when they are at home, but tie it together if they are going out. There also dressing table before which the lady can sit at her ease while completing her toilet; so has no need to stand, instead, holding a square hand-mirror during all the tedious process of making and putting on the head-dress other slave-ssive to stand some hand pin at the instant they are wanted only to anticipate the lady's slightest wish, lest she should fly out in a fit of impatience at supposing she is being kept waiting.

Having at last brought to the end of some thing beside her toilet, the dy will rest a little and tell her story. his consists of ninety-nine beads, divide into three equal sets, and she repeats three chapters of the Koran after each set of these has completed one round. Ding this devotional exercise, which goes in a low monotone, the lady will occasionally interrupt herself to give a order to some alternative of more questions and answers dumb-show. When she has finished, she will proceed to carry out the plan which her mind has been doing all the time of her mechanical prayer. She will probably direct her step her hand and there see that her persi attendant are occupied in some way. one will be cutting out a new fetan, or sa; another ironing the quilts, or a es of cotton muslin; and if they work is not pleasing they will have to go through again. Perhaps a slave is wasting at whine-stitching, and her mistress may be her play for a time. Both these may amuse themselves apt at striking this way, but the one will not care to persev with the work, and soon goes off to complete her toilet for inspection.

The quiet Ahmet or storoom for clean bedding, next claims her tution. This is a room in the house where piles of mattresses in clean covers line the walls and soft, folded yorkshans are kept ready for use. The presence of the straws is very necessary from time to time the yatalkaneh, as she directs what materials shall be made into yorkshans, and points out that the finest, which are made of very rich stuff—perhaps ordered silk—shall be reserved for guest of the higher rank, and those of chintz or printed calico flowered chintz cushions. A yat into set for such-and-such guest, and a ing attendant duty, as every guest must have a room whose richness bears to that, and indicates the consideration in which she is held.

In the same with the apartment which

arranged over each bed in summer; some are of plain white net, some of figured net, some of the very finest colored Chinese gauze.

But at noon our lady has again to betake herself to her ablutions and her prayers, and either before or after will partake of the first substantial meal of the day, which corresponds to the French *second dejeuner*. We will not follow her through all the various courses—an enormous fowl stuffed with rice and currants, the endless dishes of vegetables, pastry, sweets and fruits, accompanied with bowls of sweet orange or cherry sherbet. If the lady has friends or relatives eating with her (her husband only very rarely joins her meal), she is not obliged by etiquette to remain at table till all have finished; indeed, it would be a great stretch of politeness to remain sitting longer than need be in a position which cramps one's nether limbs to a painful degree. The lady withdraws, therefore, as soon as she pleases, and washing the delicate fingers which have been dipped by turns into greasy and sweet compounds, she retires from the *yemek-oda*, or dining-room, to her saloon, where she again smokes and drinks coffee. This is the moment for her black attendant eunuch to come to pay his respects, and know the *khanum's* plans about going out in her carriage, or *caique*, or to bring her some interesting bit of gossip.

This black servant is in reality very much the master of the lady's movements, but he has tact enough to be very respectful, and only ventures to sit in her presence on a low, flat cushion, at her especial invitation. With the exception of the red, tasselled fez, these eunuchs dress *alla Franca* in the finest broadcloth, long-tailed coats, and wear polished kid boots, chains, and rings. They are wonderfully suave in manner unless thwarted, and then they can be very savage. They will sometimes instigate a mistress to punish her slaves with great severity for a fault, and very often these semi-official talks will end in the disgrace of this or that *cal-pha* (slave). But if the lady intends to go out, she will not linger over her coffee; on the contrary, in the very idea of going out fills her with excitement, and she thinks of nothing else. She hastily gives orders which *ninas* (mothers or old lady duennas) are to attend her, which calpha is to act as *chibouquejee*, or pipe-bearer, carrying her little *tchanta*, or hand-bag filled with a provision of choice tobacco and

[illegible] of silver mouth which to smoke

[illegible] and conversation. She is

[illegible] smiles and clever speeches. She lets them, however, go their way, and she will, after a time, tear herself from the gay scene and go off again in her caique to pay some visit. We will not follow her here, visits having been so often described. The khanum may stay at her own house to rest beside some *techeouna*, or fountain, for all Turkish women love to sit and sing softly to themselves by the water-side.

Once returned home, the khanum is divested of her outer wraps by waiting handmaidens. Again she rests on her divan, smokes, sips coffee, and retails the news of the day to those visitors who have arrived in her absence, or to the ninas and upper calphas of her household. Shortly before the dinner-hour she may expect a ceremonious visit from her husband, and she finds enough in his short conversation to last her as texts for her own during the whole evening. Her children come to be fondled at this time, but presently she sends them away until dinner, whilst she prepares for the prayers at sunset.

As the sun goes down one Turkish day ends and another begins, and the precise moment of twelve o'clock is marked by the sudden quavering cry of the muezzin from the *madnek* or gallery of the minaret. This moment varies with each day, and therefore the Moslem waits, watch in hand, ready to set it to the correct time as soon as the call of prayer resounds—for on knowing the right hour depends the faithful discharge of prayer five times daily.

Dinner succeeds the prayer, then chit-chat, then a quiet game at cards (the favorite one being something like our cribbage), or draughts, or backgammon fills up the time until two hours after sunset, when the last prayer prescribed for the day has to be observed. It should be noticed that there is a prayer to be said three hours before sunset, but if the khanum is out visiting she omits this, or perhaps says it on retiring to rest. The latter part of the evening may be spent in various amusements. If it is winter, old jewelry is got out; its resetting is planned; sometimes it is broken up, and the stones then serve to amuse their possessor evening after evening, for she will arrange and rearrange them on a piece of white paper, tracing, by means of a pencil, such odd designs as the stones may happen to form.

But a more pleasant way of spending the evening is in receiving visitors of high rank, and the hostess will then frequently call for a performance from her dancing girls (which at other times are occupied as waitresses, hosters, &c). These girls, four or five together, perform certain wonderfully awkward gyrations, to the sound of their own plaintive singing and the clashing of castanets. The dance usually represents a love-story, which is chosen by the leading dancer (according as it ends tragically or happily) to suit the mood of the mistress.

Another favorite way of spending the evening is to listen to a concert of singing girls, who sit in a semi-circle and accompany their voices with the *kemengeh* (violin), the *oud* (lute), the *kanoon* (dulcimer), and the *tar* (tamborine).

Professional players—Armenians, Greeks and Syrians—are occasionally permitted to give an entertainment in the haram, and are ushered in as a part of the room which is curtained off from the audience. Such a concert will sometimes be kept up till past midnight, the khanum and her friends never wearying of the romantic, chanted love-ditties. When the lady does retire to her low couch, she will probably call for a story-teller to sit near her and go over again the oft-told tale of adventure and faithful love, which has so powerfully excited her imagination as to have scared sleep for the time. The monotonous accents, rising and falling in the same repeated cadence, will at last hush the listener to repose; then the tired story-teller, who is probably the slave in attendance, will steal softly away to her bed, and silence will settle down upon the household till cock-crow shall arouse them to recommence such another day on the morrow.

A DAY DREAM.

BY M. A. B.

A great gray kitchen, gray, for it was night, and two candles; a smell of herbs drying somewhere; a cat on the hearth; a soft, warm breeze coming in from the windows; the sound of rustling leaves; a country maiden reading a book, whose yellow leaves smell of age; a handsome peasant listening.

There's a picture for you. Ralph, his name—Maud, hers.

"Listen," said Maud, preparing to shut the old book, "the king and queen lived happily for ever after."

Maud was a merry girl, and the village lads loved her. She gave the farmer's children lessons in spelling and arithmetic.

Her own store of knowledge was somewhat limited.

Ralph used to watch her as she sat, her bright brown hair tucked behind a little cap, her blue eyes tender with feeling, and her rosy lips parted often in smiles.

Ralph himself was no mean specimen of [illegible] tall, broad-shouldered, countenance and the best of

[illegible] e failing, he was too fond [illegible] and it promised to be a [illegible] him.

[illegible] a king," said Ralph, one [illegible] ention had been chained [illegible] y.

[illegible] er as you are, Ralph," re-

[illegible] don't like work—that is, [illegible] one out and makes one [illegible] his reply. "Kings must [illegible] s—free from all care—no [illegible] nay—no work to do—all [illegible] siness—yes, I wish I was a

[illegible] t him, and he did not see [illegible] ere building castles, and [illegible] s shadow.

[illegible] him in silence. "What a [illegible] ng you'd be, she thought to [illegible] long lasted!"

[illegible] d sighed, for she did not

[illegible] busy at his hoeing, with [illegible] pain in his good, broad [illegible] again:

[illegible] as a king. It seemed to [illegible] be a farmer. How tire-

It makes one hungry [illegible] will soon be ready, and [illegible] s greens, and beef, and [illegible] dings live on the fat of the [illegible] 'ocean too."

[illegible] n sounded. Ralph hast-

[illegible] ho held his little brother [illegible] und.

[illegible] heated you look?" she

[illegible] he replied.

[illegible] a king, I suppose?" she

[illegible] wish I was a king," he

[illegible] she said, pitifully, and

[illegible] en looked cool, for the [illegible] bed and sanded.

The board was spread with sweet bread, home-made, and goodly rows of smoking dishes. Ralph washed his face in a great pan of cold water, and for a moment felt grateful and refreshed. But still he was not happy, not even with the pretty face of Maud sitting opposite.

"It is nothing for you to sit in a cool room and teach the children," he said, after dinner, in reply to some remark.

"If you were to try it once," she said, good-humoredly, "you would want to get back to your potato hoeing."

"What, is it really hard work, then?" he asked again.

"It is not easy by any means," was the reply.

"But you always look as if you were easy enough."

"Because I have learned to be contented," was the reply.

The answer echoed in Ralph's brain as he walked off; but for all that he did not stop wishing that he was a king.

That night he paid a visit to the tap-room. It was very sultry, and, as he sat in the pleasant apartment, he thought the beer never tasted better.

Suddenly as he was raising the mug to his lips, there appeared a grotesque face on the top, and as it looked at him it winked and smiled mysteriously. As Ralph gazed in wonderment the face grinned more broadly, and said with quick words and sharp voice:

"Want to be a king?"

"Yes," said Ralph.

"Come me down then and wait," was the response.

He set the mug down and closed the lid. A strange feeling came over him.

He was helpless, but felt himself lifted and borne aloft.

It was not long before consciousness came back to him.

He opened his eyes—his wish was granted —he was a king.

What splendors surrounded him! He was lying on a stately couch, all gold and delicate net-work.

The morning seemed to have dawned, and yet there was no stir in the royal household.

As far as he could see he was dazzled. Chairs of velvet, gilded and carved, chairs of white satin, pictures behind hangings of crimson lustre, ornaments exquisitely fashioned, all beauty and profusion.

He lay there wondering dreamily until a silvery sound smote his ear.

In a few minutes his courtiers surrounded him, each seemingly ready to assist him.

"Well, this is not very pleasant, not to be master of one's own limbs," he said to himself, as one placed this garment, and another that, so that by time he was dressed he was so weary that his frame ached with the endless pulls and pushings; he did not feel like a free man.

Besides he had a sense of weariness which he could not account for, a dull pain in the head which was very hard to bear, and a sensation of great fatigue.

"Your majesty must have ridden too hard yesterday," said one of his courtiers.

"Your majesty drank wine too late at supper, last night," said another.

He sat down to a sumptuous service alone, his courtiers ranged around him.

A glass of wine was poured out.

Suddenly, as he raised it to his lips, he shuddered. An unearthly thrill ran through him.

"Bring the taster," he cried, as from some new impulse.

A slender, beautiful youth came near—he tasted the wine—he turned pale, staggered, and was borne away.

The wine was poisoned.

"If this is one of the penalties of station," said the king to himself, "I had rather go back to my ploughing;" but this matter was not so easy; a king he was, and a king he must be till he had thoroughly learned the lesson of royalty.

Why should I give the day's experience, save to say that at night he was a jaded and worn-out king?

And as he possessed a double consciousness, he wished from his heart that he could go back to the old farm and hoe potatoes again.

A hunt was arranged for the next day; that the king thought might be a source of some pleasure; at any rate, the hedge of etiquette by which he was environed would be somewhat broken down.

They were off as early as strict court rules would allow, and the king felt a wonderfully exhilarating influence as the cool wind blew across his temples, and he saw the dewy dew glistening on the hills and the fields.

They passed a little school-house. In the doorway stood Maud, looking like a bright rose. The king scanned her curiously.

Surely he had never half noticed her before.

He stopped, smiled, when she turned away, her cheek blanching, and hurried within the school-room.

"Are even the innocent girls afraid of me?" thought the king. "My reputation must have been a bad one. Well, I'll not force her to notice me, of course she doesn't know—how could she! But I declare, I never saw that Maud was so pretty before. There isn't a lady at court so fresh and handsome."

Presently they were away off chasing the deer. "Well, this is fine sport," thought the king; "after all, it isn't so bad to be at the head of a great nation, if we can once in a while have such pleasure as this. What! ho!—what is the matter here?" he cried out, as the man next to him, an officer, reeled and fell from his saddle.

The man looked him up and examined him sorrowfully. The man was dead. There was, however, a shout heard not far off—they had found the murderer and brought him forward.

"What didst thou do this for?" questioned the king, angrily.

"The arrow was designed for thyself," replied the forester.

"Hear him!" shouted the king, his anger stirred; "take him away and have him dealt with. We'll have thee broken on the wheel, sirrah."

"If I had only performed my mission I should not have cared," cried the audacious fellow.

And now the king was in misery all the time. He started at a shadow, almost at a tree, thinking it might be an assassin; he looked warily round upon his courtiers. In more than one face he read treachery, and their fawning manners disgusted him.

"Truly there is no safety out of one's station," he said mournfully. "Would I were Ralph, the farmer's boy, again."

A week passed by, and they wanted him to be King.

"Whom shall I have?" he said, partly to himself; but one of his ministers heard him and stopped before him.

"May it please your majesty," he said, "proposals have been sent from the King of Spain, who wishes an alliance formed between your majesty and her royal highness."

The king listened astonished.

"But we have never seen her," he said; and then the prime minister went into a long discussion concerning reasons of State, till the king was weary and nearly fell asleep. "Plague take all kingdoms," he thought to himself, "if these are the trials that beset the man who sits on a throne. They won't even let me marry whom I please. Not content with dressing me, undressing me, and putting poison and to shoot me, they must needs put a wife beside me whom I don't know, or care anything about. I won't be led by the nose in this way, if I am a king."

So he thought of a plan which was to disguise himself, and take a journey to Spain that he might see his future wife for himself.

"And if I don't like her," he said, "nothing shall force me to marry her."

He had not ridden a mile with his attendants on his journey, before he met a procession.

He had forgotten that it was May day, and here were the village maids turned out to celebrate the happy time.

Leading them was Maud, as Queen of May. Did she look ever so pretty before? Her hair, twisted and plaited by a little hat of chip, from under which hung her beautiful brown curls, and on which was placed a lovely wreath of newly opened flowers.

"That is one of the prettiest creatures I have ever seen," said a courtier to the king.

But his majesty was pale and moody.

He had left his heart bound at the sight of dear Maud, sweet Maud, whose hand he had taken so often in his own without one quickening pulse, and he was angry that he had not noticed her charms before.

The impulse he was strong upon him to tell her by her name, when he first saw her; but he thought of his new position, of his courtiers seated beside him, and the proceeding seemed undignified.

As he went on his way, however, he sighed so frequently as to attract the notice of his attendants, who smiled at each other, but wisely kept their opinions to themselves.

The king was utterly disgusted at the sight of his Spanish fiancee. He found her high-nosed, thick-lipped, and merciless with her tongue.

Be it known that she took pains to appear to the least possible advantage, because she had some little project of her own in hand, which this marriage would effectually bring to pass.

"I don't like her," said the king.

"But reasons of state?"

"Hang your reasons of state!" cried he, like a kindly, jolly farmer; "I tell you I won't have her, and there's an end of the matter!"

In vain the chief advisers talked of policy, of defeat, of the thousand and one things that might happen.

He turned a deaf ear to it all, for there was but one image in his thoughts—that of pretty Maud, the May Queen.

"I'll have her or none," he said to himself.

After awhile, however, his ministers and courtiers teased him so, that he reluctantly gave them a hope that ultimately he might accede to their wishes.

Meantime he had as much as he could do to keep on the alert against those he was sure were thirsting for his life.

His head was filled with state papers, petitions, and the many cares that he was too conscientious to throw off. Only once he descended from his dignity, and managed to escape the notice of the jealous eyes watching him on every side; and, in disguise, he went shyly into the town where was the homestead of a farmer he had called his father.

Breathlessly he stood at the window of the little school-room.

There was no one there for the scholars had been dismissed.

There was her seat, however. There was her desk with her inkstand on it, and the pen she had used.

There was her little black silk apron hanging upon a nail.

Oh! how mute but suggestive were all these things! They spoke of her presence. Should he go farther?

Yes, he must see Maud; so off he went, and was passing that identical potato-patch, when he saw a sight that almost turned him into stone.

There, under the shadow of the old apple tree that stood alone in the field, sat Maud, leaning against the trunk; while, bending over her, with a world of love in his dark eyes, stood the counterpart of himself, Ralph, the farmer's boy, in fact.

Then Maud looked up, her gray eyes beaming with happiness.

The sight filled the poor king with rage. He hurried back like a madman, anathematizing himself for his foolishness in giving up the real for imaginary happiness.

He declared he would have Maud, the school-mistress, before any high-born lady in the land, and he gave orders, secretly, that she should be captured and brought to the palace.

This was easily done, for in those days the word of a king was law in such cases, and men dared not sue for justice.

The pretty, innocent Maud was taken from her school and forced away she knew not whither.

Half-frightened, she was set down by the king's palace, and then conveyed by a private entrance to one of the most magnificent apartments in the whole mansion.

As she stood there, pale, indignant, frightened, yet wondering at the splendors on every hand, several persons attired with the utmost elegance entered, bearing caskets on salvers, which they deposited on ivory tables.

Then came women also habited regally, holding rich brocades embroidered with jewels. These they spread out till every couch gleamed with rare and sparkling beauty.

But poor Maud stood restless, excited, and unhappy.

What did all these shows mean? All the horrible things which she had read thronged her imagination; she trembled, and tears filled her eyes.

Presently she heard soft music, then doors opened, and the king, magnificently apparelled, entered. Maud started back with fear in her looks, but his majesty gently advanced.

"Sweet maiden," he said, "those who have found favor in the king's eyes should not shrink in his presence. We have long known your virtues, and often dwelt upon your beauty. Come, therefore, and share our throne, for we offer you honorable marriage."

Abashed, surprised, Maud stood looking upon him in strange bewilderment. The king woo her, the peasant's daughter? Impossible; she must be dreaming.

"Oh! your majesty, let me go home," she cried, imploringly. "I am but a simple peasant girl, who, having through favor received a better education than falls to the lot of my peers, your majesty may think deserving of greater favor. But, I assure you, I have no wish to leave my humble home—my lowly lot contents me."

"Your words but make me more desirous to call you mine," replied the king, trembling now with eagerness and fear. "I know your station and your modesty enhances your worth. My word is law, and it has gone forth that the beautiful Maud, the sweetest maiden in all the kingdom, shall be my own lawful queen."

"Oh, most gracious sire," cried Maud, her face growing white, "you surely will not put such an edict into effect without my sanction. Consider that every subject should have the right of disposing of herself, and I—I—am—"

The color had rushed back to her cheek; her eyes were downcast.

The king waited for a mighty; she looking up and seeing no mercy, ran and threw herself at his feet.

"Oh! your majesty," she cried, and her voice was choked with tears and maiden shame, "my word has passed. I love and am betrothed to an honest farmer; I would rather be his wife than a queen. Do not force me to be miserable—do not break Ralph's heart—oh! sire, be merciful—be merciful!"

The king turned his face away.

He was half-crazed with anger at his own folly—with his passion.

Yet how could he resist that gentle voice, those pleading eyes, and be a man?

He raised her, and before speaking threw open the lids of the boxes that stood before her.

She started back almost blinded with the brilliance of costly gems, diamonds, and precious stones, a wondrous collection.

"Maud, these shall be yours—they are fitting for my queen—these fabrics," and he pointed to the brocades, and tissues, and laces, "you will reign supreme in the heart that adores you; the half of my throne shall be yours; the peasants of millions for all will love you. Maud, do not drive me to despair; seldom has monarch so pleaded."

But she stood steadfast.

"I do not prize the splendors, the jewels, or the throne," she said, with tender sweetness, "so much as one word from my Ralph. Oh! sire, do not detain me, he is breaking his heart at my absence, and she wept bitterly.

The king grew hard, relentless, and cruel. His very soul rebelled; murder was in his thoughts, for he hated the man she loved.

"No," he thundered—"no, again no! You are here, and here you remain, and here you shall stay." A scream so shrill pierced his brain that, rubbing his eyes violently, Ralph found himself sitting upright on the hard bench in the tap-room, and saw the bar-maid laughing at the top of her voice.

"Such a screaming as ye must ha' been into!" she cried, as soon as she could regain her gravity. "What be ye been dreaming about, a fight or a bargain? Oh! it was sport to see ye;" and again she relapsed into a wilder peal of laughter.

Very slowly Ralph regained his scattered senses; but in his strange dream he had gained a new, a delicious experience.

For when, as he neared his father's home, he met Maud coming from her school, his sleepy eyes grew bright with pleasure.

She, looking down, only said—

"Oh! Ralph, you have been to the tap-room again."

"Only promise me you'll love me, Maud, and I'll promise never to go in the tap-room again, Maud?"

She looked up.

He remembered that glance—he had seen it in his dream—he knew now what she had known for a long, long time, that she loved him.

Maud often wondered afterward at Ralph's fluency upon the subject of kings and queens, but he did not tell her his dream till long after they were married.

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A great many have tried to be great men and failed, but nobody ever sincerely tried to be a good man and failed utterly.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

The truth is the hardest missile one can be pelted with.—*George Eliot.*

Did you ever do anything wrong without, sooner or later, being in fear, shame, or sorrow, on account thereof?—*Anon.*

We let our blessings grow mouldy, and then call them curses.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Keen for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief, though cancel long divide.
For is it not as if the rose had climbed
My garden wall and blossomed on the other side?—*Alice Cary.*

A witty moralist says that "many a man thinks it's virtues that keep him from turning a rascal, when its only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles."

The saddest thing that can befall a soul is when it loses faith in God and woman.

* * * Lost I those gems,
Though the world's throne stood empty in my path,
I would go wandering back into my childhood,
Searching for them with tears.
—*Alexander Smith.*

The shadow of a mother's tomb grows darker and longer, as the child walks on in the path the mother's care would have smoothed.—*Marion Harland.*

The tears which fall over a buried love are not half so agonizing as those which drop upon a fallen living idol.—*Mrs. Alfard.*

We often restrain our best impulses, and angels weep for our weakness.—*Emma E. Brewster.*

NEWS NOTES.

ATTEMPTS are being made to raise the ice-blockade at St. Louis by the use of explosives.

COLD weather down South—the Chickamauga river has frozen for the first time in twenty years.

THE reports of some of the Boston savings-banks show an increase of deposits, notwithstanding the continuance of hard times.

OVER one hundred employees in the Penna. Railroad shops, in Altoona, were arrested the other day for working on Sunday.

OWING to recent discoveries of valuable guano deposits along the Peruvian coasts, the securities of Peru have taken an upward turn.

A FIRE is raging in the coal mines at Lykens Valley, Pa., caused as is supposed by a spark thrown from the lamp of a miner, as he was trimming it.

PREPARATIONS for International Exhibitions are now in progress in Cape Town, South Africa and Melbourne, Australia, both to be held next year: Japan, Brazil and France are to follow in their turn.

RECENT despatches from General Crook at the seat of the Sioux Indian war, indicate that the hostile force has broken up into small parties and dispersed, rendering it impracticable to follow with a large force.

THE maternal offices of Rev. Mrs. Phebe Hanaford are of a more extended nature than usually fall to the lot of mothers. First she ordained her son to the Universalist ministry, and lately the reverend mother has had the satisfaction of administering the marriage rite to her daughter.

FIVE hundred soldiers and a large number of civilians participated in the centennial celebration of the battle of Princeton on Jan. 3d. A banquet was held in Egypt in which the British were unanimously defeated, but they were magnanimously unhurt. A few on both sides were shot in the neck by the discharge of champagne bottles.

OF the fifty-one railroad companies doing business in the State of Illinois, during the past year, only seventeen earned more than their expenses and interest on their bonds, eight of which paid dividends. Fifteen companies report deficits, and nineteen are in the habit of reducing the product, invoiced as unnecessary loss of 10 to 15 per cent. on their whole seasons work in all the manufacturers of the country. He thinks just as many farmers would be ruined sold without these auction sales, and that higher and fairly remunerative prices would have been obtained for them.

THE mission of Professor W. S. Clarke, of the Amherst (Mass.) Agricultural College, who some months ago went to Japan to establish a national college of agriculture there, has thus far been very successful. Already he has two hundred students in a fine building erected at the expense of the Japanese government, and one hundred men at work on the farm which is connected with it. Mr. William Brooks, who graduated from Amherst Agricultural College in the class of 1876, will soon go to Japan to assist Professor Clarke as instructor, and will take over a supply of American seed corn.

THE Engineers appointed to examine and report on the most feasible route for the proposed Inter Oceanic canal across the Isthmus of Darien say that the route known as the Nicaraguan route, beginning on the Atlantic side at or near Greytown, running by canal to the San Juan river, following it by slack water navigation to Lake Nicaragua, across that lake to Rio del Medio, and thence by canal to Rio del Brito, on the Pacific coast, possesses, both for construction and maintenance of a canal, greater advantages, and offers fewer difficulties from engineering, commercial, and economical points of view than any one of the other routes shown to be practicable by survey sufficiently in detail to enable a judgment to be formed of their relative merits. That the cost of construction of this canal and harbor, with all the necessary adjuncts, will be at least one hundred millions of dollars, and that the cost by any other route will greatly exceed the cost by this route.

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Saturday Evening, January 13 1877

THOSE CLUBS.

Many thanks to the numerous friends of the Post who have raised clubs and forwarded them when renewing their own subscriptions. The look for 1877 is made very cheerful by such efforts. They are coming in by every mail, from all parts of the country, and the pleasant words which accompany them are most cheering.

"The Post only needs to be known, to be the most widely circulated, as it is the best paper of the kind" writes one enthusiastic friend. We are glad to believe this, and accordingly repeat our request, please tell your neighbors about it. We do not ask our friends to work without remuneration. We shall be pleased to send out thousands of volumes of choice books as premiums, in addition to the many already forwarded to those who have earned them. See list on fifth page and take your choice,

DEMAND A REFORM

Again the whole country is shocked by a disaster carrying suffering and death to a hundred or more victims. A railroad train on the Lake Shore Railroad carrying one hundred and seventy-five passengers, broke through the bridge over Ashtabula Creek, Ohio, and plunged down some seventy feet into the ravine below. In addition to the slaughter caused by the smashing of the cars and drowning in the creek, a greater number were burned to death, the cars having taken fire from the stoves and lamps.

It may be impracticable to insure absolute safety from broken rails and bridges, but one element of the horror in railroad disasters can be entirely prevented. It is possible to heat and light cars so that no fire will be communicated to the train in case of a smash-up.

There should be at once a universal demand and stringent legislation compelling this reform. Surely painful lessons enough have been given to show its necessity. It is too much to expect that railroad managers will adopt improvements not demanded by the public; they never have and never will. So long as travelers will take the risk of roasting, they will be permitted to do so. Now, while the matter is thus painfully present, let there be universal pressure brought to bear, to compel the change.

The use of iron cars would diminish by more than half the dangers incident to collisions and other accidents on the rail. Their use should be enforced. Let the subject be agitated until all possible safety is secured.

DAILY AMUSEMENT.

The publisher of a newspaper who does not have at least one hearty laugh in a day, when examining the letters which have come in, must be a cynic, or have the blues, or his correspondents differ much from those who write to the Post. There are such queer mistakes, odd requests and singular fancies.

For example, here is an envelope inclosing several dollars. No letter with it, no scrap of paper, no name, no clue to where it came from save the post mark outside, and that too indistinct to tell whether it comes from Mississippi or Massachusetts. To know the writer, we must wait a week or two until there shall come a letter blowing everybody up sky-high, because the papers ordered and paid for have not come to hand.

It seems strange that a man should forget to sign his name after writing a letter, especially when he has inclosed money, but such letters are very often received.

Plenty of people omit to mention the State in which their post-office is located, and as almost every State has Washingtons, Jeffersons, etc., etc., it's only guess work to try and select the right one.

The above are rather vexatious than amusing; there is plenty of fun in the phases of human nature exhibited. Here, for instance, is a letter asking whether Mr. John Smith, who formerly lived in Maine, is now a resident of Philadelphia. By looking through the directory, getting the addresses of the hundred or more John Smiths who live here, and tracing them all out, we might be able to answer the letter satisfactorily. As this is out of our line of business, we can only smile at the simplicity of the question.

Begging letters are too numerous to mention. "I have taken your paper for years," is the general apology made for asking something gratis. Publishers may have very kindly feelings for the world in general, and no doubt do have for their subscribers in particular, but they can only laugh at the absurdity of the claims often made upon their good nature.

"What do you pay for articles?" is an almost daily inquiry. When we answer "From nothing up to five hundred dollars," the young writer is inclined to strike a fair average and expect, say about a hundred dollars! Usually in such cases the laugh is at the expense of the young hopeful.

We like a good laugh, but as we are receiving hundreds of letters daily, there is hardly time to stop for amusement, and we therefore highly appreciate the epistles of of those who write common sense plainly, briefly, and with care to give the *State* from which the letter is sent, as we are glad to say the majority of our subscribers do.

A DIFFICULT ART.

To rebuke evil-doers is an undoubted duty, but to do it effectually requires something more than indignation against wrong doing. Men are hardened by hot words hurled at them. The offender is furnished with immediate defense by the injustice of over-statement or angry harshness. The first effort should be to array the delinquent's own conscience on your side, to gain an entrance to his better nature by sympathising with him in his pity for himself. Let the statement of the offence be plain, but calm. Assume that the guilty one is conscious of dereliction, and do not endeavor to harrow up his feelings to make him sensible of the enormity of his offence. Even if he be callous, such a course will not soften, but will render him more hardened. Apparent indifference is by no means conclusive proof that a man does not feel condemnation for his evil courses. Stolidity is more frequently a mask than genuine deadness of soul.

It is not necessary to ignore the guilt in showing sympathy and reaching the inner heart of the man when he is bemoaning his sad fate. Let pity be shown because he is guilty, not because he suffers from guilt. In short befriend the man, and let him feel that you would help him overcome himself, not that you delight to sit in judgment on him, and are thus, perhaps unconsciously, making his evil the occasion of glorification of your own superiority.

He who was without spot or blemish, was yet the recognized friend of the fallen, and his life declared that pity, not condemnation was the need and the hope of the world.

CURE FOR THE "BLUES"

In almost everybody's experience, are times when the East wind blows blue and dark vision of disaster which will never occur, shut out the sunshine of life: times when resolving to be happy is as useless as trying to change the weather by turning the barometer upside down. It is very easy to say of a person so beclouded "its only nervousness; why does he not shake it off?" But the nerve machinery by which comfortableness, hilarity and smiles are turned out, cannot be righted by rough self shaking. A well organized watch would resent such treatment, much more the delicate and intricate nerve fibres.

Too often the wretched man seeks and finds temporary relief in drugs, opium, whiskey or other excitants only to find his tormentors return largely reinforced from these devil breeding potions, and his last state is worse than his first.

An almost certain relief, and one most easy of application under such circumstances is to employ some one else to be happy for you, just as one would hire a man to do any work for which his own strength is inadequate. There are plenty waiting for engagement in every locality, fully competent to perform it. A bedridden cripple for a fee of a dollar or two with which to supply his pressing wants will be capital help. Such a smile and a "God bless you" as he can give will stir the springs of pleasure in the giver's soul and make him forget half his trouble's. A poor widow rejoicing in the gift of a barrel of flour will furnish rejoicing for a week. A load of wood here, a pair of shoes there, and a good dinner yonder, will be more than a match for a whole legion of blue devils. Try it once.

MODEL COMPOSITIONS.

A friend sends us the following *bona fide* "compositions" written by children at school in an Eastern State:

SKATING

Skating is good to break your neck with. And then have to be sent to the hospital. And then have your mother crying after you. And then perhaps die.

BIRDS.

I wounse had two burds one of them the cat killed and one fi them dide with a umer (humor) in its bed and the one the cat killed we gut stiff.

THE ELEPHANT.

The Elephant has no hands, and so he uses his long bill.

HSU-CHIEN-SHIEN (Pronounced with a sneeze and two chuckles) it is reported has been appointed Ambassador from China to England. "He brings with him three hundred thousand dollars as a gift of frankincense and myrrh" says a contemporary. Hum—rather a large amount to be all in scents.

A COMMERCIAL exchange gives the startling intelligence that "dressed hogs are moving briskly to the seabord market." We hope they will not stop in Philadelphia; there is an over supply here now. Our street cars bristle with them.

THE SOLUTION.

BY MRS S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

I see a face in the glass,
And I wonder if it can be
The face of the merry lass
That used to laugh back at me.

I note the braids and the coils
Of a silvered chestnut hue,
And I ask, are they the spoils
Of a golden-studded crew.

I linger pitying o'er
The lips that were scarlet flame,
And the roses that bloom no more,
On cheek and brow claim.

The eyes—ah, the secret's caught!
It is gray, not azure, I trace,
The change of vision has wrought
That starry-bright grace of face.

The lass would laugh at her ease,
And the crinkled threads of gold
Would tangle the rose and breeze
If blue was in order to hold.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

BY A TRAVELER.

I visited Mount Hecla, in Iceland, just before its terrible eruption in 1845, and the following is a brief narration of a fearful adventure which happened to me upon that sublime and desolate elevation.

Having procured a guide, I set off at an early hour on the morning following my arrival in Salzun (at the foot of the extinct volcano), praying for fair weather, good luck, and a safe return.

As you push on, ascending summit after summit, on your way to the great and awful centre of all, you find the danger, dreariness, and desolation gradually increase to a point of terrible sublimity—till at last, when you do finally stand on the highest point in this unliving world of chaos, you instinctively pray heaven, with an icy shudder and universal nervous miserable frame, to restore you to the life you seem to have left forever behind you.

Oh, how shall I attempt to convey to any mind the awful scenes of desolation that surround me when I set last I stood more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the highest peak of the barren Hecla!

Six mortal hours—three on horseback and three on foot—had I been clambering upward from the world below; and now, among the very clouds that rolled and swept around me, I stood in a world of lava mountains, ice and snow—the lava black as midnight, the snow of blinding whiteness—and not in all that region a tree, a bush, a shrub, a blade, or even a solitary living thing, crowning myself and guide! Far as the eye could reach, when the moving clouds permitted me to see, was a succession of black, rugged hills, snow-crowned peaks, glistening glaciers, and ice-bound valleys, while the immediate solitudes no human foot had ever penetrated—a world without plant or life—the very desolation of of desolation—filled with yawning chasms and dreadful abysses.

Wrapping one of the blankets about me, to protect me from the freezing cold, and cautiously using my pointed stick to try every foot of ground before me, I now began to move about, over blocks and heaps, and hills of lava, and across narrow chasms, and pitfalls, and patches of snow and ice, my faithful guide keeping near, and often warning me to be careful of my steps. In this manner I at length ascended a ridge of considerable elevation, stumbling my way to the top, and now and then displacing fragments of lava that rolled crushing down behind me. As yet I had seen no signs of the mouth of the crater, which eighty years before had vomited forth its terrific and desolating streams of melted black sand; but on reaching the summit of this ridge, I looked down into a sort of basin, open at the lower side, and having some three or four deep seams or chasms in the centre, into to which the melting snow and ice, on its sides, were running in small streams. A peculiar and not very agreeable odor came up with a thin, smoky vapor, and I fancied I could hear a distant sound, something between a gurgle and a rumble.

"I suppose, then, this is the original crater?" I said, turning to the guide.

"I fear so, master. What can have caused this change? You see there is heat below, which has melted the thick glacier, and only a few streaks of ice now remain above the upper part of the sides, while all the ice is gone."

"And the ground has a slight feeling of warmth, too," I rejoined, as I bent down and laid my hand upon it.

"I will wait," returned the fellow, hurriedly, looking around with an expression of alarm. "I do not like to remain here; we may be destroyed at any moment. Let us hasten down and report what we have seen."

"Nay," said I, feeling strangely interested and fascinated by the perilous novelty; "I do not think there is any immediate danger, for the snow and ice, as is plain to be seen, have melted slowly; and before I go away, never to return, I should like to venture into this basin, and look down into one of these chasms."

"Oh, master," replied the guide, with nervous anxiety; "do not do it. It might cost you your life."

"At least, I will risk it, if you will agree to wait for me," said I, fully determined on the ventue, even though I were to go without his consent.

"I will wait," he answered; "but, remember, master, you go down against my advice."

The crater or hollow was about fifty feet in depth, with gently sloping sides; and using my pointed stick, with the greatest care, I forthwith began the descent, often stopping to try the temperature of the lava with my hand, and finding it growing gradually warmer as I proceeded, though not sufficiently so as to excite any alarm. In a short time I reached the bottom, and stood on the verge of one of the seams or chasms which opened far down into the heart of the mountain. It was about four feet in width, zigzag in shape, and emitted strongly the peculiar odor before mentioned. A small, trickling stream, from a melting layer of ice above, was running into it; but I could only see that it was lost in the deep darkness below, from which came up a kind of hissing, boiling, gurgling sound, with something like a rumbling shock at slight intervals and gentle puffs of heated air.

Giving no heed to my guide's earnest solicitations, I now resolved to sound, if possible, the depth of the chasm before me, and then proceed to inspect the others; and for this purpose I broke off from a larger one a small block of lava, and, advancing to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down, and listened to the hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from side to side, long after it was lost to the eye. The depth was so immense that I heard it for more than a minute, and then the sound seemed rather to die out from distance, than to cease because of the stone having reached its destination. It was an awful depth, and fearfully impressed me with the terrible; and as I drew back with a shudder, a gust of hot, sulphurous air rushed and roared upward, followed by a steam-like vapor, and a heavy, hollow sound, as if a cannon had been discharged far down in the bowels of the earth.

This new manifestation of the powers of nature fairly startled me into a desire for flight; and I had already turned for the purpose, when suddenly there came a sort of rumbling crash, and the ground, shaking, heaving, and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dread abyss. I was thrown down, and, on my hands and knees, praying heaven for mercy, was scrambling over it and upwards, to save myself from a most horrible fate when two blocks, rolling together, caught my feet and legs between them, and without crushing them, held them as if in a vice. Then came another crash and crumble, the last solid area behind me, and I was left upon the very verge of the awful gulf, now widened to some fifteen or twenty feet, down which I looked with horror-striked eyes, only to see darkness and death below, and breathe the almost suffocating vapors that rushed up from that seemingly bottomless pit.

Oh the horrors of that awful moment! what pen or tongue can portray them? There, a helpless but conscious prisoner, suspended over the mouth of a black and heated abyss, to be hurried downward by the next great throe of trembling nature!

"Help, help, help!—for the love of heaven, help?" I screamed, in the very agony of wild despair.

I looked up to catch a glimpse of my guide; but he was gone, and I had nothing to rely on but the mercy of heaven; and I prayed as I never prayed before, for a forgiveness of my sins, that they might not follow me to judgment. It might be a second—it might be a minute—it might be an hour—that I should have to undergo a living death; but, by the time long or short, I felt that there was no escape from a doom that even now makes me grow pale, and shudder when I think of it. Above me was a clear blue sky—beneath me, a black and horrible abyss—around me, nothing save por that made my brain grow dizzy.

Rumbling and hissing sounds warned me that another convulsion might occur at any moment, and another crash, and I was gone, me. Home and friends I should never see again, and my tomb would be the volcanic Hecla! I strove, with the madness of desperation, to disengage my imprisoned limbs, but I might as well have attempted to move a mountain. There I was, fixed and fastened for the terrible death I was awaiting. Oh, mercy! what a fate!

Suddenly I heard a shout; and looking around, I beheld, with feelings that I can never describe, my faithful guide hastening down the rugged sides of the crater to my relief. He had fled in terror at the first alarming demonstration, but had nobly returned to save me, if possible, by risking his life for mine.

"I warned you, master," he said, as he came up panting, his eyes half starting from his head, and his whole countenance expressing commingled terror and pity.

"You did—you did!" I cried; "but oh! forgive and save me!"

"You are already forgiven, master; and I will save you if I can—save you, or perish with you."

Instantly he set to work with his iron-pointed stick to break up the lava around my limbs, but had scarcely made any progress, when again the earth trembled, and the blocks parted, one of them rolling down into the yawning chasm with a dull, hollow sound. I sprang forward—I seized a hand of the guide—we both struggled hard, and the next moment we had both fallen, locked in each other's arms, upon the solid earth above. I was free, but still upon the verge of the pit, and any moment we might both be hurled to destruction.

"Quick, master!" cried the guide; "up! up! and run for your life!"

I staggered to my feet, with a wild cry of hope and fear, and, half supported by my faithful companion, hurried up the sloping sides of the crater. As we reached the ridge above, the ground shook with a loud explosion; and looking back, I beheld with horror a dark, smoking pit, where we had so lately stood.

And then, without waiting to see more, I turned and fled over the rough ground as fast as my bruised limbs would let me. We reached our horses in safety, and, hurrying down the mountain, gave the alarm to the villagers, who joined us in our flight across the country till a safe distance was gained. Here I bade adieu to my faithful guide, rewarding him as a man grateful for the preservation of his life might be supposed to do.

A few days later the long-quiescent Hecla was again convulsing the island, and sending forth its mighty tongues of fire and streams of lava, I was far away from the sublime and awful scene, thankful that I was alive to tell the story of my wonderful escape from a burning tomb.

A SENTIMENTAL STORY

Hal was a fellow clerk of mine in a great financial house, and we were great chums. He was poor as a church mouse, but well connected. He lived with his mother in a little cottage in the suburbs of New York. His maternal was a worldly old party, always urging him to marry a rich cousin, one Miss Araminta Tunks. Hal decidedly objected.

"Fancy, Fred," he said to me "being thought a tuft hunter for the sake of a woman who squints, has red hair and squints, and who rejoices in the sweet name of Araminta Tunks. Could you go to church with a name like that for forty thousand a year? Fancy a woman with that name wanting to be loved for her herself alone," he added, and refused to go near her.

One day he came to me raving over the charms of his mother's new maid, who had just appeared in the house only a week, but who had taken his susceptible heart by storm. Her name was Jessie May. She was an orphan, and he had been at once smitten with her charms. He came to consult me, betonly on the general question, but because he suspected her to be already engaged, and was half mad with jealousy and despair. He had seen a beautiful ring, formed of two hearts blended into one, which she wore on her forefinger, and when he questioned her about it, she blushed, and refused to satisfy his curiosity, telling him only that the ring had been given her by some one she loved better than any one in the whole wide world. I persuaded him to take no notice of the ring; but if he thought he could win her, to go in at once like a man and put his fate to the touch. He took my advice, but resolved to know all about the ring first. So one day he asked her the name on it; but she still refused point blank to tell him, pouting prettily all the while.

"Well, then, tell me what he is to you!" he exclaimed. "Don't let me die of suspense—of hope deferred. Have I a chance?"

Jessie made no reply for a moment, but her eyes twinkled with mischief as she slipped off the ring and put it into her pocket.

"The person who gave it to me was the one I ought to love better than anybody else."

"But you don't!" cried Hal, with rapture. "You love me better, Jessie?" and he caught the ringless hand and kissed it rapturously.

"Jessie tried to draw her hand away, but he held it fast.

"Say yes, Jessie—that you love me best, now."

"Yes," whispered the sly damsel, snatching her hand away and dancing out of sight just as Mrs. Dornton appeared on the scene.

"Henry I am ashamed of you!" said, or rather screamed, that good lady. "As for that shameless hussy, she leaves my house this very day!"

"Hold, mother, this is my house, and she shall never quit it. She is to be my wife and must be treated with respect."

"Oh! oh dear! have you forgotten your cousin Araminta?" sobbed Mrs. Dornton.

"How should I remember her when I never saw her?" ejaculated Hal.

"Wouldn't it be best to see her, then?" put in a meek little voice.

"No, no! Jessie darling I'll never see her more. You, and you only, shall be my wife, and we'll work for riches."

Jessie shook her head sadly, and waved him off when he went to approach her.

"No, Hal, you had better see your cousin, and do as your mother wants you. As for me—"

She brought the ring from the depths of her pocket and attempted to put it on.

He dashed forward and possessed himself of the hand before she could get it upon the finger. A clear ringing laugh burst from her lips.

"Why, Hal, I believe you are jealous of that ring."

"I mean you shall never have anything more to do with that person," answered Hal.

"Never have anything more to do with my mother?"

"Your what?"

"My mother, Araminta Elizabeth Tunks, whose initials it bears."

"What!" almost shrieked Mrs. Dornton.

"What!" gasped Hal, as he dropped her hand.

"My dear niece," fawned Mrs. Dornton.

"I thought you said I was a shameless hussy."

"Of course, I didn't know you then."

"My little wife," cried Hal excitedly.

"But you rejected me for a servant girl, remember. Araminta Tunks, now."

"Nevertheless you are my Jessie, always and evermore."

Here I will leave them. Of course they married, and I was twin him with having been jealous of her mother, and that she had bought him for her fortune. And he twits her with having played "engaged" on purpose to pique him into loving her. Nevertheless, he finds it very pleasant to give away his cake and eat it too.

LETTER FROM FLORIDA.

BY H. H. PEARSON.

The Northern part of Orange Lake, where I am living at present, is situated in latitude twenty-nine degrees and 30 minutes, and was formerly considered by many to be a little too far north for the successful cultivation of oranges, lemons, and other semi-tropical fruits. But a few hours spent in rambling among the luxuriant wild groves of sour and bitter-sweet oranges near the shore of the lake, will satisfy the most skeptical that here is the home of the orange, and that for years, when the remainder of the wild trees will be budded, and the young groves of sweet seedlings in bearing order, this will be a great orange-producing region.

Other semi-tropical fruits, such as guavas, lemons, limes and bananas, also do well. Large and luscious blackberries grow wild in many parts of the country, and the Lawton, Kittatinny and other cultivated kinds would probably do well, and be a great addition to our list of healthy fruits. Pineapples and strawberries have been but little cultivated as yet.

The principal provision crops here are corn and sweet potatoes. Other grains and garden vegetables in general, do not do well. It does not pay to spend much time trying to cultivate Northern grains, fruits or garden vegetables, and new-comers should lend all their energies towards the establishing of an orange grove; though some corn or sweet potatoes can be raised in the grove while the trees are young.

Orange seedlings begin to bear in from about six to eight years; occasionally, a five-year-old tree may be found with a few oranges on it. Sour trees, or four-year-old sour seedlings may be transplanted in autumn or winter and budded the following July or August, and will bear in two years, and occasionally in one. Sweet seedlings, budded, will also bear one or two years sooner than those not budded.

People must not come here expecting to get rich in a hurry. It takes several years of hard labor, and constant care, to get an orange grove established and in bearing order; but oh! when the task is accomplished, what a feast to the eye and the palate is a ripe Florida orange! I say *Florida* orange, because the oranges of this State are becoming justly celebrated for their large size and superior flavor. And if we may believe the universal testimony, a bearing grove is a sure source of profit as well as pleasure to the fortunate possessor. The tree alone is a marvel of beauty from the time the tiny seedling shows itself above the ground till it becomes the majestic full grown tree. And when the tree becomes loaded with the luscious yellow fruit, it is truly a wonderful sight, and I do not think it is strange that so many are coming here from the older states to engage in the cultivation of this queen of fruits.

The lemon is a fruit, in my estimation, superior even to the orange, bears in from eighteen months to two years from the time the young sucker is set out. Guavas and figs bear as soon or sooner, so new-comers can have some fruit of their own raising very soon after settling here.

The Autumn and Winter climate of Florida is another attraction that is drawing many from the cold Northern and Eastern states. Here we have no mud, no snow, and but little frost and but very few stormy days to hinder the farmers from working or the invalid from taking exercise in the open air. The summer season, however, is uncomfortably warm day and night, and the delightful cool sea breezes that we read about, I have not found as yet, and new-comers must not expect to find much pleasant weather during the summer.

We love much more warmly by cherishing the intention of giving pleasure, than an hour afterwards when we have given it.

Man wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.

THE DAILY OCCUATION OF A TURKISH LADY.

BY A LATE RESIDENT IN TURKEY.

Domestic life in Turkey is altogether different from ours, the arrangements of which much of the comfort of a family depends not being regulated by the mistress of the house. As heavy little to do with household matters, she need not trouble herself with thoughts of economy in food and dress, for she is fated much as we treat our pretty dogs and cats, expecting them to be content with what are better them to eat and drink, to keep their glossy coats in good condition and be happy, lively, and songful in their caged ones.

A Turkish lady is not however, always dressed-up doll she is quite aware that she has responsibilities, and goes to live up to what her religion and husband's wishes teaches. She begins to ed ready-donned baggy trousers at all, an has ready only to slip on her thick padded jacket, or Arabian which takes the place of our dressing-gown still, though she has surrounded with slaves, hands and feet, to face, and ears in water, ejaculating as she does so such phrases as, "Oh, my ears were ordained to receive [illegible] words," "my hands were cleansed from evil deeds;" and though she may stand with bare feet, she will nevertheless wait to adjust the veil of her prayer-carpet so that it may point directly to Mecca. She will never neglect the modest covering of white muslin that falls over the head, notwithstanding there is no eye to watch her the retirement of her own room.

Her slaves, we has risen to wake her and place her slippers, prays at the same time as her mistress, either in the same room or ina room adjoining, and, the thanksgiving finished, the prayer-carpet is folded with parental care and put in its place, their wrapper and then both ladies and slaves creep on to their beds on the floor, and sleep sadly under soft wadded quilts or coverlets, that have the merit of being off the limp mists which arise from the Bosphorus and which blankets would certainly absorb.

Even their pillows and mattresses are of wool, lithe wadded quilt; the latter not white, o ours, but has a facing of some bright alps or coarse muslin, ornament with a stra, old-fashioned pattern representing flora or animals of most vari hues and portions, not to be found in the canons of t art. The mattresses are colored cans of the same sort of pattern, and do for show as well as use.

But we must suppose our lady to be awoke at l, and to have passed from her bed to her sofa. This is to very great change, as is still half asleep, and requires to be [illegible] smoke her cigaret or pipe. I have at the ar [illegible] serve her some mg coffee in a fily cup like a egg-cup, wh she usually [illegible] without sugar. Still perhaps smoke three or four pipes in succession before she rouses herself to to business of the day. The first thing to wash he face and hands and as she has no toilette-table a slave bring to her dien silver bason *lagen*, made with a perforated cover, which allows of body's washing in a stream of water also poured by the *ibrik*, or silver jug, must her rec being offended by the sight of soap-water. With the Turks it is not a soul obligation to wash in rung water, and they think our way detesta. Ere their baths, or Asiatics, are to be [illegible] visible.

The lady has now to consider what dress she will put on, and many suits will be brought her from her adjoining Asarac, or box-room, and be spread out before her for the other dressing of the room, here being no tables in the apartment. Each suit is neatly folded in Brown wrapper, and forms a flat parcel with the bare-footed *hamojees*, or serving-women, carry daily and silently on their open palms, and present with untiring patience till their capricious mistress does at last make her choice. The *gedjaltik*, or night suit, is then set away to be ironed ready for night, and the lady at times herself for the day. This wholes has open to be sayings the house re then adjourned to chat an smoke while the important business of arranging the hair down is going on. This requires great dexterity, and occupies a large proportion of the time of dressing; and as our lady has not breakfasted we must suppose she is sipping her *tchorba*, or thin broth, made with [illegible] rice, while her slaves are feasting on the rouse herself to to business of the day. The first things to wash her face and hands and as she has no toilette-table a slave bring to her dien silver bason *lagen*, made with a perforated cover, which allows of body's washing in a stream of water also poured by the *ibrik*, or silver jug, must her receiving offended by the sight of soap-water. With the Turks it is not a soul obligation to wash in rung water, and they think our way detesta. Ere their baths, or Asiatics, are to be [illegible] visible.

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arranged over each bed in summer; some are of plain white net, some of figured net, some of the very finest colored Chinese gauze.

But at noon our lady has again to betake herself to her ablutions and her prayers, and either before or after will partake of the first substantial meal of the day, which corresponds to the French *second dejeuner*. We will not follow her through all the various courses—the chowchow, and roast lamb stuffed with rice and currants, the endless dishes of vegetables, pastry, sweets and fruits, accompanied with bowls of sweet orange or cherry sherbet. If the lady has friends or relatives eating with her (her husband only very rarely joins her meal), she is not obliged by etiquette to remain at table till all have finished; indeed, it would be a great stretch of politeness to remain sitting longer than need be in a position which cramps one's nether limbs to a painful degree. The lady withdraws, therefore, as soon as she pleases, and while the delicate fingers which have been dipped by turns into greasy and sweet compounds, she retires from the *yeuck-oda*, or dining-room, to her saloon, where she again smokes and drinks coffee. This is the moment for her black attendant eunuch to come to pay his respects, and know the *khanum's* plans about going out in her carriage, or *caique*, or to bring her some interesting bit of gossip.

This black servant is in reality very much the master of the lady's movements, but he has tact enough to be very respectful, and only continues to sit in her presence on a low, flat cushion, at her especial invitation. With the exception of the red, tasselled fez, these eunuchs dress *alla Franca* in the finest broadcloth, long-tailed coats, and wear polished kid boots, chains, and rings. They are wonderfully suave in manner unless thwarted, and then they can be very savage. They will sometimes instigate a mistress to punish her slaves with great severity for a fault, and very often these semi-official talks will end in the disgrace of this or that *odjeh* (slave). But if the lady intends to go out, she will not linger over her chat; on the contrary, the very idea of going out fills her with excitement, and she thinks of nothing else. She hastily gives orders which *ninas* (mothers or old lady duennas) are to attend her, which calphas is to act as *chibouquejee*, or pipe-bearer, carrying her little *tchanta*, or hand-bag filled with a provision of choice tobacco and leaden silver paper with which to manufacture a supply of cigarettes for immediate consumption. To do this properly she requires a tiny wooden funnel and ramrod; she must also be sure to take the small amber or jewelled mouth-piece into which the cigarettes are to be fitted. The lady hurries off to a small room near the door by which she is to leave the house. Here coffee is served her the last thing before she puts on her *yashmak*, or muslin head-piece. This last has to be adjusted with the utmost care, as the wearer would have a very conical appearance if it were at all awry. Again she shuns hold the mirror and the ever-needed pins. The lady darkens her eye-brows and eye-lashes, and shrouds herself in the snowy muslin, which is either a foil to her beauty, or else gives a brilliant complexion. The yashmak on, she sits waiting for her carriage, or caique, looking through the *kaffas*, or wooden trellis-work blind, which is always a favorite amusement. The last thing she puts on is the heavy over-cloak, or *feridjee*, which has to be held together, grasped by the left hand, and kept so nearly all the time it is worn.

We will suppose the caique, or long narrow boat, is the chosen conveyance; the lady reclines in the bottom of it on crimson cushions, the old nina beside her, and her slaves opposite. The eunuch sits on the arched top behind the khanum, and holds a very large fringed umbrella over her head. The caique glides through the azure waves, perhaps it stops at the Sweet Waters of Asia, and the party alights to take a turn in the pretty sheltered valley where many other such parties are strolling, or sitting on carpets in picturesque groups, discussing sweetmeats or fruits, and criticising and envying the Frank ladies who are promenading arm-in-arm with their husbands or gentlemen friends. Very likely the khanum here meets her children, both boys and little girls, who have been away from her care in the hands of the *lollahs*, or men-attendants, since the early morning. The mother laughs with her children, plies them with sweets, and gives them some coins to spend, looks on amused at their antics, admires their knowingness and clever speeches. She lets them, however, go their way, and she will, after a time, tear herself from the gay scene and go off again in her caique to pay some visit. We will not follow her here, visits having been so often described. The khanum may stay on her way home to rest beside some fashionable fountain, for all Turkish women love to sit and sing softly to themselves by the water-side.

Once returned home, the khanum is divested of her outer wraps by waiting handmaidens. Again she rests on her divan, smokes, sips coffee, and retails the news of the day to those visitors who have arrived in her absence, or to the ninas and upper calphas of her household. Shortly before the dinner-hour she may expect a ceremonious visit from her husband, and she finds enough in his short conversation to last her as texts for her own chat for the whole evening. Her children come to be fondled at this time, but presently she sends them away until dinner, whilst she prepares for the prayers at sunset.

As the sun goes down one Turkish day ends and another begins, and the precise moment of twelve o'clock is marked by the sudden quavering cry of the *muezzin* from the maidens' gallery of the minaret. This moment varies with each day, and therefore the Moslem waits, watch in hand, ready to set it to the correct time as soon as the first cry of prayer sounds—for on knowing the right hour depends the faithful discharge of prayer five times daily.

Dinner succeeds the prayer, then chit-chat, then a quiet game at cards (the favorite one being something like our cribbage), or draughts, or backgammon fills up the time until two hours after sunset, when the last prayer prescribed for the day has to be observed. It should be noticed that there is a prayer to be said three hours before sunset, but if the khanum is out visiting she omits it, perhaps says it on reaching home to rest. The latter part of the evening may be spent in various amusements. If it is winter, old jewelry is got out; its resetting is planned; sometimes it is broken up, and the stones then serve to amuse their possessor evening after evening, for she will arrange and rearrange them on a piece of white paper, tracing, by means of a pencil, such odd designs as the stones may happen to form.

But a more pleasant way of spending the evening is in receiving visitors of high rank, and the hostess will then frequently call for a performance from her dancing girls (who at other times are occupied as waitresses, ironers, &c). These girls, four or five together, perform certain wonderfully awkward gy[illegible]ations, to the sound of their own plaintive singing and the clashing of castanets. The dance usually represents a love-story, which is chosen by the leading dancer (according as it ends tragically or happily) to suit the mood of the mistress.

Another favorite way of spending the evening is to listen to a concert of singing girls, who sit in a semi-circle and accompany their voices with the *kemangeh* (violin), the *oud* (lute), the *kanoon* (dulcimer), and the *tar* (tamborine).

Professional players—Armenians, Greeks and Syrians—are occasionally permitted to give an entertainment in the harem, and are stationed in a part of the room which is curtained off from the audience. Such a concert will sometimes be kept up till past midnight, the khanum and her friends never wearying of the romantic, chanted love-ditties. When the lady does retire to her low couch, she will probably call for a story-teller to sit near her and go over again the off-told tale of adventure and faithful love, which has so powerfully excited her imagination as to have scared sleep for the time. The monotonous accents, rising and falling in the same repeated cadences, will at last hush the listener to repose; then the tired story-teller, who is probably the slave in attendance, will steal softly away to her bed, and silence will settle down upon the household till cock-crow shall arouse them to recommence such another day on the morrow.

A DAY DREAM.

BY M. A. B.

A great gray kitchen, gray, for it was night, and two candles; a smell of herbs drying somewhere; a cat on the hearth; a soft, warm breeze coming in from the windows; the sound of rustling leaves; a country maiden reading a book, whose yellow leaves smell of age; a handsome peasant listening.

There's a picture for you. Ralph, his name—Maud, hers.

"And so," read Maud, preparing to shut the old book, "the king and queen lived happily for ever after."

Maud was a merry girl, and the village teacher. She gave the farmer's children lessons in spelling and arithmetic.

Her own store of knowledge was somewhat limited.

Ralph used to watch her as she sat, her bright brown hair tucked behind a little cap, her blue eyes tender with feeling, and her rosy lips parted often in smiles.

Ralph himself was no mean specimen of manhood. He was tall, broad-shouldered, with a pleasant countenance and the best of hearts.

He had but one failing, he was too fond of the tap-room, and it promised to be a growing evil with him.

"I wish I was a king," said Ralph, one night, after his attention had been chained by a glowing story.

"You are happier as you are, Ralph," returned Maud.

"Oh! no; I don't like work—that is, work that wears one out and makes one so tired," as his rough hand clasped hers. "Kings must be blessed mortals—free from all care—no one to say them nay—no work to do—all pleasure, all happiness—yes, I wish I was a king."

Maud looked at him, and he did not see her, for his eyes were building castles, and his face was in the shadow.

Maud admired him in silence. "What a beautiful head he has got!" she thought to herself, "and what long lashes!"

Then poor Maud sighed, for she did not like to think.

The next day, busy at his hoeing, with perhaps a little pain in his good, broad shoulders, he said again:

"Yes, I wish I was a king. It seemed to me I was born to be a farmer. How tiresome it is to hoe! It makes one hungry too. Well, dinner will soon be ready, and then—I shall have greens, and beef, and dumplings, while kings live on the fat of the land—aye! and the ocean too."

Presently the horn sounded. Ralph hastened to obey it.

He met Maud, who held his little brother and sister by the hand.

"How tired and heated you look!" she said.

"Yes, I'm both," he replied.

"Still want to be a king, I suppose?" she said, archly.

"Yes, indeed. I wish I was a king," he answered.

"Poor Ralph!" she said, pitifully, and passed on.

The cat kitchen looked cool, for the floor had been washed and sanded.

The board was spread with sweet bread, home-made, and goodly rows of smoking dishes. Ralph washed his face in a great pan of cold water, and for a moment felt grateful and refreshed. But still he was not happy, not even with the pretty face of Maud smiling opposite.

"It is nothing for you to sit in a cool room and teach the children," he said, after dinner, in reply to some remark.

"If you were to try it once," she said, good-humordly, "you would want to get back to your potato hoeing."

"What, is it really hard work, then?" he asked again.

"It is not easy by any means," was the reply.

"But you always look as if you were easy enough."

"Because I have learned to be contented," was the reply.

The answer echoed in Ralph's brain as he walked off; but for all that he did not stop wishing that he was a king.

That afternoon he paid a visit to the tap room. It was very sultry, and, as he sat in the pleasant apartment, he thought the beer never tasted better.

Suddenly, as he was raising the mug to his lips, he appeared a grotesque face on the top, and as it looked at him it winked and smiled mysteriously. As Ralph gazed in wonderment the face grinned more mischievously, and said with quick words and sharp voice:

"Want to be a king?"

"Yes," said Ralph.

"Rest me down then and wait," was the response.

He set the mug down and closed the lid. A strange feeling came over him.

He was helpless, but felt himself lifted and borne aloft.

It was not long before consciousness came back to him.

He opened his eyes—his wish was granted —he was a king.

What splendors surrounded him! He was lying on a stately couch, all gold and delicate net-work.

The morning seemed to have dawned, and yet there was no stir in the royal household.

As far as he could see he was dazzled. Chairs of velvet, gilded and carved, chairs of silk and satin, pictures behind hangings of crimson lustre, ornaments exquisitely fashioned, all beauty and profusion.

He lay there wondering dreamily until a silvery sound smote his ear.

In a few minutes his courtiers surrounded him, each seemingly ready to assist him.

"Well, this is not very pleasant, not to be master of one's own limbs," he said to himself, as one placed this garment, and another that, so that by time he was dressed he was so weary that his frame ached with the endless pulls and pushings; he did not feel like a free man.

Besides he had a sense of weariness which he could not account for, a dull pain in the head which was very hard to bear, and a sensation of great fatigue.

"Your majesty must have ridden too hard yesterday," said one of his courtiers.

"Your majesty drank wine too late at supper, last night," said another.

He sat down to a sumptuous service alone, his courtiers ranged around him.

A glass of wine was poured out.

Suddenly, as he raised it to his lips, he shuddered. An unearthly thrill ran through him.

"Bring the taster," he cried, as from some new impulse.

A slender, beautiful youth came near—he tasted the wine—he turned pale, staggered, and was borne away.

The wine was poisoned.

All this is one of the penalties of station," said the king to himself, "I had rather go back to my ploughing;" but this matter was not so easy; a king he was, and a king he must be till he had thoroughly learned the lessons of royalty.

Why should I give the day's experience, save to say that at night he was a jaded and worn-out king?

And as he possessed a double consciousness, he wished from his heart that he could go back to the old farm and hoe potatoes again.

A hunt was arranged for the next day; that the king thought might be a source of some pleasure; at any rate, the hedge of etiquette by which he was environed would be somewhat broken down.

They were off as early as strict court rules would allow, and the king felt a wonderfully exhilarating influence as the cool wind blew across his temples, and he saw the early dew glistening on the hills and the fields.

They passed a little school-house. In the doorway stood Maud, looking like a bright rose. The king scanned her curiously.

Surely he had never half noticed her before.

He stopped, smiled, when she turned her head, grew blanching, and hurried within the school-room.

"Are even the innocent girls afraid of me?" thought the king. "My reputation must have been a bad one. Well, I'll not force her to notice me, of course she doesn't know—how could she! But I declare, I never saw that Maud was so pretty before. There isn't a lady at court so fresh and handsome."

Presently they were away off chasing the deer. "Well, this is fine sport," thought the king; "after all, it isn't so bad to be at the head of a great nation, if we can once in a while have such pleasure as this. What! ho!—what is the matter here?" he cried out, as the man next to him, an officer, reeled and fell from his saddle.

They hastened to him, examined him sorrowfully. The man was dead. There was, however, a shout heard not far off—they had found the murderer and brought him forward.

"What didst thou do this for?" questioned the king, angrily.

"The arrow was designed for thyself," replied the forester.

"How him?" shouted the king, his anger stirred; "take him away and have him dealt with. We'll have thee broken on the wheel, sirrah."

"If I had only performed my mission I should not have cared," cried the audacious fellow.

And now the king was in misery all the time. He shouted at a shadow, aimed at a tree, thinking it might be an assassin; he looked warily round upon his courtiers. In more than one face he read treachery, and their fawning manners disgusted him.

"Truly, there is no safety out of one's station," he said mournfully. "Would I were Ralph, the farmer's boy, again."

A week passed by, and they wanted him to marry.

"Whom shall I have?" he said, partly to himself; but one of his ministers heard him and stopped before him.

"May it please your majesty," he said, "proposals have been sent from the King of Spain, who wishes an alliance formed between your majesty and her royal highness."

The king listened astonished.

"But we have never seen her," he said; and then the prime minister went into a long discussion concerning reasons of State, till the king was weary and nearly fell asleep. "Plague take all kingdoms," he thought to himself, "if these are the trials that beset the man who sits on a throne. They won't even let me marry whom I please. Not content with dressing me, feeding me, trying to poison and to shoot me, they must needs put a wife beside me whom I don't know, or care anything about. I won't be led by the nose in this way, if I am a king."

The thought of a plan which was to disguise himself, and take a journey to Spain that he might see his future wife for himself.

"And if I don't like her," he said, "nothing shall force me to marry her."

He had not ridden a mile with his attendants on his journey, before he met a procession.

He had forgotten that it was May day, and there were the village maids turned out to celebrate the happy time.

Leading them was Maud, as Queen of May. Did she look ever so pretty before? Ralph thought so, as she came on, followed by a little hat of chip, from under which hung her beautiful brown curls, and on which was placed a lovely wreath of newly opened roses.

"That is one of the prettiest creatures I have ever seen," said a courtier to the king.

But his majesty was pale and moody.

He had felt his heart bound at the sight of the village maid, and his hand he had taken so often in his own without one quickening pulse, and he was angry that he had not noticed her charms before.

Then he was strong upon him to call her by her name, when he first saw her; but he thought of his new position, of his courtiers seated beside him, and the proceeding seemed undignified.

As he went on his way, however, he sighed so frequently as to attract the notice of his attendants, who smiled at each other, but wisely kept their opinions to themselves.

The king was utterly disgusted at the sight of his Spanish fiancee. He found her high-minded, thick-lipped, and merciless with her tongue.

He it known that she took pains to appear to the best possible advantage, because she had some little project of her own in hand, which this marriage would effectually bury.

"I don't like her," said the king.

"But reasons of state?"

"Hang your reasons of state" cried he, like a true Ralph; "I tell you I won't have her, and there's an end of the matter."

In vain the chief advisers talked of policy, of defeat, of the thousand and one things that might happen.

He turned a deaf ear to it all, for there was but one image in his thoughts—that of pretty Maud, the May Queen.

"I'll have her or none," he said to himself.

After awhile, however, his ministers and courtiers teased him so, that he reluctantly gave them a hope that ultimately he might accede to their wishes.

Meantime he had as much as he could do to keep on the alert against those he was sure were thirsting for his life.

His head was filled with state papers, petitions, and the many cares that he was too conscientious to throw off. Only once he descended from his dignity, and managed to escape the notice of the jealous eyes watching him on every side; and, in disguise, he went shyly into the town where was the cottage-home of a farmer he had called his father.

Breathlessly he stood at the window of the little school-room.

There was no one there for the scholars had been dismissed.

There was her seat, however. There was her desk with her inkstand on it, and the pen she had used.

There was a little black silk apron hanging upon a nail.

Oh! how mute but suggestive were all these things! They spoke of her presence. Should he go farther?

Yes, he must see Maud; so off he went, and was passing that identical potato-patch, when he saw a sight that almost turned him into stone.

There, under the shadow of the old apple tree that stood alone in the field, sat Maud, leaning against the trunk; while, bending over her, with a world of love in his dark eyes, stood the counterpart of himself, Ralph, the farmer's boy, in his frock.

Then Maud looked up, her gray eyes beaming with happiness.

The sight filled the poor king with rage. He hurried back like a madman, anathematizing himself for his foolishness in giving up the real for imaginary happiness.

He declared he would have Maud, the school-mistress, before any high-born lady in the land, and he gave orders, secretly, that she should be captured and brought to the palace.

This was easily done, for in those days the word of a king was law in such cases, and men dared not sue for justice.

The pretty, innocent Maud was taken from her school and forced away she knew not whither.

Half-frightened, she was set down by the king's palace, and then conveyed by a private entrance to one of the most magnificent apartments in the whole mansion.

As she stood there, pale, indignant, frightened, yet wondering at the splendors on every hand, several persons attired with the utmost elegance entered, bearing caskets on salvers, which they deposited on ivory tables.

Then came women also habited regally, holding rich brocades embroidered with jewels. These they spread out till every couch gleamed with rare and sparkling beauty.

But poor Maud stood restless, excited, and unhappy.

What did all these shows mean? All the horrible things which she had read through her imagination; she trembled, and tears filled her eyes.

Presently she heard soft music, then doors opened, and the king, magnificently apparelled, entered. Maud started back with fear in her looks, but his majesty gently advanced.

"Sweet maiden," he said, "those who have found favor in the king's eyes should not shrink in his presence. We have long known your virtues, and often dwelt upon your beauty. Come, therefore, and share our throne, for we offer you honorable marriage."

Abashed, surprised, Maud stood looking upon him in strange bewilderment. The king woo her, the peasant's daughter? Impossible; she must be dreaming.

"Oh! your majesty, let me go home," she cried, imploringly. "I am but a simple peasant girl, who, having through favor received a better education than falls to the lot of my peers, your majesty may think deserving of greater favor. But, I assure you, I have no wish to leave my humble home—my lowly lot contents me."

"Your words but make me more desirous to call you mine," replied the king, trembling now with eagerness and fear. "I know your station and your modesty enhances your worth. My word is law, and it has gone forth that the beautiful Maud, the sweetest maiden in all the kingdom, shall be my own lawful queen."

"Oh, most gracious sire," cried Maud, her face growing white, "you surely will not put such an edict into effect without my sanction. Consider that every maiden should have the right of disposing of herself, and I—I—am—"

The color had rushed back to her cheek; her eyes were downcast.

The king waited frowningly, she looking up and seeing no mercy, ran and threw herself at his feet.

"Oh! your majesty," she cried, and her voice was choked with tears and maiden shame, "my word has passed. I love and am betrothed to an honest farmer; I would rather be his wife than a queen. Do not force me to be miserable—do not break Ralph's heart—oh! sire, be merciful—be merciful!"

The king turned his face away.

He was half-crazed with anger at his own folly—with his passion.

Yet how could he resist that gentle voice, those pleading eyes, and be a man?

He raised her, and before speaking threw open the lids of the boxes that stood before her.

She started back almost blinded with the brilliance of costly gems, diamonds, and precious stones, a wondrous collection.

"Maud, these shall be yours—they are fitting for my queen—these fabrics," and he pointed to the brocades, and tissues, and laces, "you will reign supreme in the heart that adores you; the half of my throne shall be yours; the hearts of millions; for all will love you, Maud, do not drive me to despair, seldom has monarch so pleaded."

But she stood steadfast.

"I do not prize the splendors, the jewels, or the throne," she said, with a tremulous assertiveness, "so much as one word from my Ralph. Oh! sire, do not delude me, he is breaking his heart at my absence," and she wept bitterly.

The king grew hard, relentless, and cried. His very soul rebelled; murder was in his thoughts, for he hated the man she loved.

"No," he thundered—"no, again no! You are here, you are in my power, and here you shall stay." A scream so shrill pierced his brain that, rubbing his eyes violently, Ralph found himself sitting upright on the hard bench in the tap-room, and saw the bar maid laughing at the top of her voice.

"Such a screaming as ye must ha' been into!" she cried, as soon as she could regain her gravity. "What ha' ye been dreaming about, a fight or a bargain? Oh! it was sport to see ye," and again she relapsed into a whirl peal of laughter.

Very slowly Ralph regained his scattered senses; but to his strange dream he had gained a new, a delicious experience.

For when, as he neared his father's house, he met Maud coming from her school, his sleepy eyes grew bright with pleasure.

She, looking down, only said:

"Oh! Ralph, you have been to the tap-room again."

"Only promise me you'll love me, Maud, and I'll promise never to go in the tap-room again, Maud?"

She looked up.

He remembered that glance—he had seen it in his dream—he knew now what she had known for a long, long time, that she loved him.

Maud often wondered afterward at Ralph's fluency upon the subject of kings and queens, but he did not tell her his dream till long after they were married.

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GROWING OLD.—We should no more lament that we have grown old than the husbandman, when the bloom and fragrance of spring have passed away, should lament that summer or autumn has come.

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY FANNY J. RAYMOND.

A great many have tried to be great men and failed, but nobody ever sincerely tried to be a good man and failed utterly.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

The truth is the hardest mistr's one can be pelted with.—*George Eliot.*

Did you ever do anything wrong without, sooner or later, being in fear, shame, or sorrow, on account thereof?—*Anon.*

We let our blessings grow mouldy, and then call them curses.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Keep for the dead I will not bind
My soul in grief; death cannot long divide.
For is it not as if the rose had climbed
My garden wall and blossomed on the other side?—*Alice Cary.*

A witty moralist says that "many a man thinks it's virtues that keep him from turning a rascal, when its only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles."

The saddest thing that can befall a soul is when it loses faith in God and woman.

* * * Lost I those gone,
Though the world's throng stood empty in my path,
I would go wandering back into my childhood,
Searching for them with tears.
—*Alexander Smith.*

The shadow of a mother's tomb grows darker and longer, as the child walks on in the path he once would have smoothed.—*Marion Harland.*

The tears which fall over a buried love are not half so agonizing as those which drop upon a fallen living idol.—*Mrs. Alford.*

We often restrain our best impulses, and angels weep for our weakness.—*Emma E. Brewster.*

NEWS NOTES.

ATTEMPTS are being made to raise the ice-blockade at St. Louis by the use of explosives.

COLD weather down South—the Chickamauga river has frozen for the first time in twenty years.

THE reports of some of the Boston savings-banks show an increase of deposits, notwithstanding the continuance of hard times.

OVER one hundred employees in the Penna. Railroad shops, in Altoona, were arrested the other day for working on Sunday.

OWING to recent discoveries of valuable guano deposits along the Peruvian coasts, the republics of Peru have taken an upward turn.

A FIRE is raging in the coal mines at Lykens Valley, Pa., caused as is supposed by a spark thrown from the lamp of a miner, as he was trimming it.

PREPARATIONS for International Exhibitions are now in progress in Cape Town, South Africa and Melbourne, Australia, both to be held next year; Japan, Brazil and France are to follow in their turn.

RECENT despatches from General Crook at the seat of the Sioux Indian war, indicate that the hostile force has broken up into small parties and dispersed, rendering it impracticable to follow with a large force.

THE maternal offices of Rev. Mrs. Phebe Hanaford are of a more extended nature than usually fall to the lot of mothers. First she ordained her son to the Universalist ministry, and lately the reverend mother has had the satisfaction of administering the marriage rite to her daughter.

FIVE hundred soldiers and a large number of citizens participated in the centennial celebration of the battle of Princeton on January 3d, which was the last fight in which the British were unanimously defeated, but they were magnanimously unhurt. A few on both sides were shot in the neck by the discharge of champagne bottles.

OF the fifty-one railroad companies doing business in the State of Illinois, during the past year, only seventeen were more than their expenses and interest on their bonds, eight of which paid dividends. Fifteen companies report deficits, and nineteen are in the hands of receivers. The report ought to make the heart of the granger sing for joy.

THE death of Comodore Vanderbilt which had long been looked for, occurred on January 4th. Ten children by his first wife survive him. His immense railroad interests have long been managed by his son Wm. H. No violent change in the stock market was caused by the announcement of his decease, as no change of policy is looked for on account of this long expected event.

IT is estimated by a large manufacturer of blankets that the auction sales held in New York last August, at which several of the leading New England and Pennsylvania mills prematurely forced off their entire previous stock, would produce an unnecessary loss of 10 to 15 per cent. on their whole season's work in all the manufacturers of the country. He thinks just as many blankets would have been sold without these sales, and that higher and fairly remunerative prices would have been obtained for them.

THE mission of Professor W. S. Clarke, of the Amherst (Mass.) Agricultural College, who some months ago went to Japan to take charge of the college of agriculture there, has thus far been very successful. Already he has two hundred students in a fine building erected at the expense of the Japanese government, and the buildings now in course of erection which is connected with it. Mr. William Brooks, who graduated from Amherst Agricultural College in the class of 1875, will soon go to Japan to assist Professor Clarke as instructor, and will take over a supply of American seed corn.

THE Engineers appointed to examine and report on the most feasible route for the proposed Inter Oceanic canal across the Isthmus of Darien say that the route known as the Nicaraguan route, beginning on the Atlantic side at or near Greytown, running by canal to the San Juan river, following it by slack-water navigation to Lake Nicaragua, across that lake to Rio del Medio, and thence by canal to Rio del Brito, on the Pacific coast, possesses, both for construction and maintenance of a canal, greater advantages, and offers fewer difficulties from engineering, commercial, and economical points of view than any one of the other routes shown to be practicable by survey sufficiently in detail to enable a judgment to be formed of their relative merits. That the cost of construction of this canal and harbor, with all the necessary adjuncts, will be at least one hundred millions of dollars, and that the cost by any other route will greatly exceed the cost by this route.

TAKE RATIONAL CARE OF YOUR COLD at once by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, and you may escape a dangerous throat or lung disease.

ECHOES.

BY WILBER H. JOHNSON.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.—*Shakespeare.*

Mortal, toil thy form is bending,
On thy brow the care of years;
Lines are marked and locks are blanches,
Only made by scalding tears.

Thou hast carried others' burdens,
Though thy own did heavy lay;
Whilst thy feet the thorns were pressing,
They have trod a flow'ry way.

Thou hast hoped for future blessings,
Trusting on with deepest pain;
Whilst thy hands have plowed the furrows
Others garnered in the grain.

Sorrow's hand hast pressed thee keenly
With the throbbing pallow head;
Yet no kind hands cooled the forehead,
None would stay the tired feet.

But at times the weary spirit
Struggled nearly free,
Crying out, in bitter anguish
"Wherefore, Father, must this be?"

In the "home of many mansions"
Thou shalt lay the burden down;
Then hast borne the cross so nobly
Thou shalt surely wear the crown!

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[This story was commenced in No. 12, Vol. 28. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XX.

FRANK BECOMES IMPATIENT.

Now in the course of this same morning, it chanced that Frank Raynor took occasion to speak to his uncle about money matters, as connected with his own prospects, which he had not previously entered upon during his present stay. The Major was pacing his study in a gloomy mood when Frank entered.

"You look tired, Uncle Francis. Just as though you had danced all night."

"I leave that to you younger men," returned the Major, drawing his easy chair to the fire. "As to being tired, Frank, I am; though I have not danced."

"Tired of what, uncle?"

"Of everything, I think. Sit down, lad."

"I want to speak to you, Uncle Francis, concerning myself and my plans," said Frank, taking a seat near. "It is time I settled down to something."

"Is it?" was the answer; for the Major's thoughts were elsewhere.

"Why, yes, don't you think it is, sir? The question is, what is it to be? With regard to the lands that I am missing money, uncle? They have not turned up, I conclude?"

"They have not turned up, my boy, or the money either. If they had, you'd have been the first to hear of it."

"What is your true opinion about the money, Uncle Francis?" resumed Frank, after a pause. "Will it ever turn up?"

"Yes, Frank, I think it will. I feel fully assured that the money is lying somewhere —and that it will be found sooner or later. I should be sorry to think otherwise; for, as goodness knows, I need it badly enough."

A piece of blazing wood fell off the grate. Frank caught the tongs, and put it up again.

"And I wish it would come to light for your sake also, Frank. You want your share of it, I know."

"Why, you see, Uncle Francis, without money I don't know what to be at. If I were single, I'd engage myself out as assistant-to-nurse; but for my wife's sake I wish to take a better position than that."

"Naturally you do, Frank. And so you ought."

"It would be easy enough if I had the money in hand; or if I could with any certainty say when I should have it."

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"It's sure to come," said the Major.

"Sure"

"Well, I hope so. The difficulty is—when?"

"You must wait a bit longer, my boy. It my turn up any day. To-night, even; to-morrow morning. Never a day passes but I go ferreting into some corner of the old house, thinking I may put my hand upon the papers. They are lying in it somewhere, I know, overlooked."

"But I don't see my way clear to wait. Not to wait long. We must have a roof over our heads, and meat to keep it up——"

"Why, you have a roof over your heads," interrupted the Major. "Can't you stay here?"

"I should no like to stay too long," avowed Frank, in his candor. "It would be abusing your hospitality."

"Abusing a fiddle-stick!" cried the Major, staring at Frank. "What's the sense in you? Is the house not large enough?—and plenty to eat in it? I'm sure you may stay here for ever; and the longer you stay the more welcome you'll be. We like to have you."

"Thank you greatly, Uncle Francis."

"Daisy does not want to go away; she's as happy as the day's long," continued the Major. "Just you make yourselves comfortable here, my boy, until the first money turns up and I can hand you over some of it."

"Thank you again, uncle," said Frank, accepting the hospitality in the same free-hearted spirit that it was offered. "For a little while at any rate we will stay with you; but I hope before long to be doing something and to get into a home of my own. I can run up to town from here once or twice a week and be looking out."

"Of course you can."

"Had you been a rich man, Uncle Francis, I would have asked you to lend me a thousand pounds, or so, to set me up until the nest-egg is found; but I know you have not got it to lend."

"*Got it to lend!*" echoed the Major, in a tone of dismayed astonishment. "Frank, my boy, I want such a sum lent to myself. I wish to my heart I knew where to pick it up. Here's Charles must have money now; has come home from Oxford with a pack of debts at his back!"

"Charles has!" exclaimed Frank, in surprise.

"And would like to make me believe that all the rest of the young fellows there run up the same bills! every man Jack of 'em! No, no, Master Charley; you don't get me to take in *that*. Young men can be steady at college as well as at home if they choose to be. Charley's just one that's led any way. He is young, you see, Frank; and he is thrown there, I expect, amid a few rich blades to whom money is no object, and must needs do as they do. The result is, he has made I don't know what liabilities, and I must pay. Oh, it's all a worry and bother together!"

Not intentionally, but by chance, Frank, on quitting his uncle, came upon Charles. Looking into a room in search of his wife, there sat Charley at a table, pen and ink and paper before him, setting down his debts, so far as he could judge of and recollect them. Frank went in and closed the door.

"Can I help you in any way, Charley? Uncle Francis has been telling me."

Charles let off a little of his superfluous discomfort in abuse of the people who had presumed to trouble him with the wine bill. Frank sat down, and drew the paper toward him.

"I had no idea it could be so much as that, Frank," was the rueful avowal. "And I wish with all my heart their wine parties and their fast living had been at the bottom of the sea!"

"*Is it* as much, Charley?"

"To tell the truth, I'm afraid it's more," said Charles, with candor. "I've only made a guess at the other amounts, and I know I've not put down too much. That tailor is an awful man for sticking it on; as are all the rest of the crew, for the matter of that. I was trying to recollect how many times I've had horses, and traps, and things; and I can't."

"How Uncle Francis know it comes to all this?"

"No. And I don't care to let him know. Things seem to worry him so much now. I do wish that lost money could be found!"

"Just what your father and I have been wishing," cried Frank. "Look here, Charley. I have a little left out of my five hundred pounds. You shall have the half of it—just between ourselves, you know; and then the sum in hand inside must find will not look so formidable to him. Nay, no thanks, lad; would you not all do as much for me —and more? And we are going to stay on here for a time—and that will save my pocket."

It was simply impossible for Frank Raynor to see a difficulty of this kind, or indeed of any kind, and not help to relieve it if he had help in his power. That he would himself very speedily require the money he was now giving away, was all too probable; but he was content to forget that in Charley's trouble.

The one individual person in all the house that Charles would have kept from the knowledge of his folly—and in his repentance he did look upon it as fully meet as he could—was his mother. He loved her dearly; and he had the grace to be ashamed, for her sake, of what he had done, and to hope that she would never know it. A most fallacious hope, as he was soon to find, for Major Raynor had taken up the news to her with open mouth.

She was sitting on the low sofa in her dressing-room in the evening at dusk, when Charles went in. The firelight played on her face, showing its look of utter weariness, and the traces of tears.

"What's the matter, mother?" he asked, sitting down beside her and taking her hand. "Are you ill?"

"Not ill, Charley," she answered. "Only tired and—and out of sorts."

"What have you been doing last night, I suppose. But you have been resting all day."

"Not last night particularly. So much fast living does not suit me."

"Fast living!" exclaimed Charles in a wondering accent. "Is it the gravies? or the plum-puddings?"

Mrs. Raynor could not forbear a smile. "I was not thinking of the table, Charles: the gravies and the puddings are not often to have no rest. It is excitement always, nothing but excitement. We went out last night: we go out to dinner to-morrow night; people come here the next night. Every day that we are at home there's something, if it's not luncheon and afternoon tea, it's dinner: and if it's not dinner, it's supper. I have to think of it all; the entertainments and the dressing; everything; and to be out when you go; and—and I fear it is getting rather too much for me."

"You lie up, mother, for a few days," advised Charles, affectionately. "Stop down here by your own fire, and turn things over to Alice and the servants. You will soon be all right again."

Mrs. Raynor did not answer. She had Charles's hand in hers, holding it between both of hers, and was looking steadfastly at the flickering blaze. A silence ensued. Charles lost himself in a train of thought.

"What about this trouble of yours, Charley?"

It was a very unpleasant waking-up for him. Of all things, this was what he had wanted kept from her. Her ingenuous face —and it was ingenuous, in spite of the wine bills—flushed deeply with annoyance.

"It's what you need not have heard about, mother. Frank has gone away from Oxford without paying a few pounds I owe there; that's all. There need be no fuss about it."

"I hear of wine bills, and hired horses, and things of that kind. Oh my dear, how have you have entered into that sort of fast life?"

"Others enter into it," said Charley.

"It is not so much the cost that troubles me," added Mrs. Raynor, in a loving tone, "that can be met somehow. It is ——" she stopped as if seeking for words.

"It is what, mother?"

"Charley, my dear, what I think of is the—that you may be falling into the world's evil ways. It is so easy to do it; you young lads are so inexperienced and confiding; you think all is fair that looks fair; that no poison lurks in what has a specious surface. And oh, my boy, you know that there is a world after this world; and if you were to fall too deeply into the ways of this, to get to love it, to be unable to do without it, you might never gain the other. Some young lads that have fallen away from God, have not cared to find Him again; never have found Him."

"There has been no harm," said Charley. "And I assure you I don't often miss the chapel."

"Charley, dear, there's a verse in Ecclesiastes that I often think of," she resumed in a low, solemn tone. "All mothers think of it, I fancy, when their sons begin to go out in the world."

"In Ecclesiastes?" repeated Charley.

"The verse that Edina illuminated for us once when she was staying at Spring Lawn. It was her doing it, I think, that helped to impress it so much on my memory."

"I remember it, mother mine."

"What is it?"

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

CHAPTER XXI.

A TIGER.

The late spring flowers were blooming; the air was soft and balmy. Easter was that year nearly as late as it could be; in fact, April was drawing to its close; and when Easter comes so late as that, it generally brings with it glowing sunshine.

Eagle's Nest, amid other favored spots, seemed to be as bright as the day was long. Once more Major Raynor had all his children about him; also Frank and Daisy. For anything that could be seen on the surface, merry hearts reigned universally: none of them seemed to have a care in the world.

Frank decidedly had not. Sanguine and light-hearted, he was content as ever to let the future take care of itself. Yielding to pursuasive hospitality, he still stayed on at Eagle's Nest. His wife expected to be laid up in the course of a month or two; and the Major, should she be better, would not be attended to than at Eagle's Nest? Daisy of course wished to stay: she should feel safe, she said, in the care of Mrs. Raynor. Twenty times at least had Frank run up to town to see if he could pick up any news, or hear of any place to suit him. Delusive dreams often presented themselves to his mental vision, of some doctor, rich in years and philanthropy, who might be willing to take him in for nothing to share his first-class practice. As yet the benevolent old gentleman had not been discovered, but Frank quite believed he must exist somewhere.

Another thing had not been discovered: the missing money. But Major Raynor, sanguine as ever was his nephew, did not lose faith in its existence. It would come to light some time or felt certain, and so he never ceased to assure Frank. Embarrassments decidedly increased upon the Major, chiefly arising from the lack of ready cash; for the greater portion of his income to be freshened before it came in. Still, a man who enjoys more than two thousand per annum cannot be so badly off: so that on the whole Major Raynor led an easy, independent, and self-satisfactory life. Had they decreased their home expenses, it would have been all the better: and they might have done that very materially, and yet not touched on some comforts. But neither Major nor Mrs. Raynor knew how to set about retrenchment: and so the senseless profusion went on.

"What is there to see, Charley?"

The question was Frank. In crossing the grounds, some little distance from home, he came upon Charles Raynor. Charles was stooping to screw his neck over the corner of a stile by which the high hedge was divided that bordered the large, enclosed, three-cornered tract of grass-land known as the common. On one side of this common were those miserable dwellings, the papers in a few with them ran the row of new skeletons, summarily stopped in erection. Opposite stood some pretty detached cottage-houses, inhabited by a somewhat better class of people; while all beyond —hedge—now budding into summer bloom, and flanked with a sloping bank, rich in moss, and flowering weeds, and wild blossoms bordered the third side. In one corner, between the hedge and the betternost houses, flourished a small thick grove of trees. It all belonged to Major Raynor.

"Nothing particular," said Charley, in answer to the question. "I was only looking at a fellow."

Frank sent his eyes ranging over the green space before him. Three or four fellow were at play in different directions. A portion of it was rolled off by wooden fencing, and on this some cattle grazed; but on most of it the grass was growing, intended for the mower in a month or two's time. Frank saw only a well, and said so. Some children, indeed, were playing in front of the huts; but Charles had evidently not alluded to them: his gaze had been directed to the opposite side, near the grove.

"He has disappeared among those trees," said Charles.

"Who was it?" pursued Frank: for there was something in his young cousin's tone and manner suggestive of anxiety, and it awoke his own curiosity.

Charles turned round and put his back against the stile. He had plucked a small green twig from the hedge, and was twirling it about between his lips.

"Frank, I am in a mess. Keep a look-out yonder, and if you see a stranger, tell me."

"Over-run the constable at Oxford this term, as before?" questioned Frank, leaping to the truth by instinct.

Charles nodded. "And I assure you, Frank," he added, attempting excuse for himself, "that I no more intended to get into debt this last term than I intended to hang myself. But when I went down after Christmas, I had formed the best resolutions in the world. I told the mother she might trust me. Nobody could have wished to keep straighter than I wished, and somehow——"

"You didn't," put in Frank at the pause. "I have managed to fall into a fast set, and that's the truth," confessed Charles. "And I think there are two of them—were drawn at only a month's date. Of course the time's out; and the fellow wouldn't renew; and—and I expect there'll be the dickens to pay. The amount is not much: small fifty pounds: but I have not the ghost of a shilling to meet it with."

"What do you owe besides?"

"As if I knew! There's the tailor, and the bootmaker, and the livery stableman, and the wine man —— Oh, I can't recollect."

Had Frank possessed the money, in pocket or prospective, he would have handed out to his cousin on the spot: but he did not possess it. He was at a nonplus.

"When once a writ's served, they can take you, can't they?" asked Charles, stopping to pluck a pretty pink blossom from the bank, the twig being bitten away to nothing.

"I think so," replied Frank, who had, indeed, conferred no deeper clear of these unpleasant shoals, and knew no more of their power, or non-power, than Charles did.

"Well, then, I think I am going to be arrested," continued Charles, dropping his voice, and turning round to face the common again. "It's rather a blue look-out. I should not so much mind it for myself, I think; better men than I have had to go through the same: but for the fuss there'll be at home."

"The idea of calling yourself a man, Charley! You're but a boy yet."

"By the way, talking of that, Jones of Corpus told me a writ could not be legally served upon me as I was not of age. Jones said he was sure of it. What do you think, Frank?"

"I don't know. But I should suppose that the very fact of the writ having been served upon you is a proof that it can be done, and that Jones of Corpus is wrong. William Stane could tell you: he must have all points of the law at his fingers' ends."

"But I don't care to ask William Stane. May be, they take it for granted that I am of age. Any way, I got served with the writ. And unless I am mistaken," added Charles gloomily, "a fellow has followed me here, and is dodging my heels to arrest me."

"What are your grounds for thinking it, Charley? Have you seen any suspicious person about?"

"Yes, I have. Before you came up just now, I——"

The words were broken off suddenly. Charles leaped aside from the stile to hide himself behind the hedge. Some individual was emerging from the grove of trees; and he, it was evident, had caused the movement.

"If he turns his steps this way, tell me, Frank, and I'll make a dash homewards through the oak-coppice," came the hurried whisper.

"All right. No. He is making off across the common."

"That may be only a ruse to throw me off my guard," cried Charley from the hedge. "Watch. He will come over the stile in a minute. He looks just like a tiger, with that great mass of brown beard. He is a tiger."

Frank, leaning his arms on the stile, scanned the movements of the "Tiger." The Tiger was at some distance, and he could not see him clearly. A thin tiger, of middle height and apparently approaching middle age, dressed in a suit of grey, with a shooting-hat on his brown, and a fine brown beard. But the Tiger, whomsoever he might be, appeared to entertain no hostile intentions for the present moment, and was strolling leisurely in the direction of the huts. Presently Frank spoke.

"He is well away now, Charley; too far to distinguish you, even should he turn round. There's no danger."

Charley came out from the hedge, and took up his former position at the extreme corner of the stile, where he was partially hidden. Every vestige of color had forsaken his face. He was a young pet; not much more than a boy, as Frank said; and unfamiliar with these things.

"I saw him yesterday for the first time," said he to Frank. "While wondering in a lazy kind of a way who he was and what he wanted here, a great rush of fear came over me. I thought he must be a sheriff's officer. Why the idea should have flashed on me in that sudden way—and the fear—I cannot tell; but it did. I made the best of my way in-doors, and did not stir out again. This morning I said to myself what a simpleton I had been—that I had no grounds for fearing the man, except that he was a stranger; and I came out full of bravery. The first person I saw upon proceeding to cross this stile was he; just in the same spot, close to the trees, where I saw him yesterday; and the rush of fear came over me again. It's of no good your laughing, Frank; I can't help it; I never was a coward before."

"I was not laughing. Did he see you?"

"No. Neither time, I think. I'm sure he is looking after me. If I were well up in funds, I'd be off somewhere and stay away."

"You could not stay away for ever."

"There's the worst of it. But then, you see, that money may turn up, and put all things straight."

"Well, you may be mistaken in the man, Charley; and I hope you are. Let us go in."

William Stane was at home for these Easter holidays, and still, as heretofore, the shadow of Alice Raynor. It chanced that this same afternoon, they encountered the Tiger—as, from that day, Charles and Frank both called him in private. Strolling along side by side under the brilliant afternoon sun, in that sweet time of the first frequent of love, with the birds singing melodiously above them, and the very murmur of the waving trees speaking a sweet language to their hearts, they came upon him, this stranger in grey, sitting on the stump of a tree. The trees, mostly beeches, were thick about there, the path branched off sharply at a right angle, and they did not see him until they were close up. In fact, William Stane had to make a step or two of detour to pass without touching him. Perhaps it was his unexpected appearance in that spot, or that it was not usual to see strangers, or else his peculiar look, with the slouching hat and the bushy beard; but certain it was, that he especially attracted their attention: somewhat of the curiosity, or fascination, I had formed the best resolutions in the world. I told the mother she might trust me. Nobody could have wished to keep straighter than I wished, and somehow——

"You didn't," put in Frank at the pause. "I have managed to fall into a fast set, and that's the truth," confessed Charles.

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"I think so," replied Frank, who had, indeed, conferred no deeper clear of these unpleasant shoals, and knew no more of their power, or non-power, than Charles did.

"Well, then, I think I am going to be arrested," continued Charles, dropping his voice, and turning round to face the common again. "It's rather a blue look-out. I should not so much mind it for myself, I think; better men than I have had to go through the same: but for the fuss there'll be at home."

"The idea of calling yourself a man, Charley! You're but a boy yet."

"By the way, talking of that, Jones of Corpus told me a writ could not be legally served upon me as I was not of age. Jones said he was sure of it. What do you think, Frank?"

"I don't know. But I should suppose that the very fact of the writ having been served upon you is a proof that it can be done, and that Jones of Corpus is wrong. William Stane could tell you: he must have all points of the law at his fingers' ends."

"But I don't care to ask William Stane. May be, they take it for granted that I am of age. Any way, I got served with the writ. And unless I am mistaken," added Charles gloomily, "a fellow has followed me here, and is dodging my heels to arrest me.

"What are your grounds for thinking it, Charley? Have you seen any suspicious person about?"

"Yes, I have. Before you came up just now, I——"

but never joining in the semi-rebellion that reigned. She looked miserably poor. Her blue cotton gown, though clean, was in rags, her old shawl would hardly hang together, the black bonnet on her head might have been used to frighten the crows. She dropped a courtesy and was passing onwards, when Alice inquired after her sick children.

"They be no better, Miss Raynor, thank you," she answered, halting in front of the bench and standing to face those on it. "The little one, she be took sick now, as well as the two boys. I've got a fine time on't."

"Why don't you have a doctor to them?" said Alice.

"More nor a week agone I went up to the parish and telled 'em I must have a doctor to my children; but he never come till yesterday."

"What did he say?"

"I'll tell ye what he said, Miss Raynor, if ye like. He said doctors and doctors' stuff was o' no good, so long as the houses remained what they was—pes-ti-fe-rus. That was the word, pes-ti-fe-rus. I should not have remembered it, though, but for Jetty's laughing-reminding of the very self-same word to me a minute or two agone. I've just passed him. He's a sitting down yonder under the beeches."

Alice, as well as William Stane, instantly recalled the man in grey they had seen sitting there. "Jetty's lodger!" repeated Alice. "What lodger?"

"Some stranger what's a-staying in the place, Miss Raynor. He come into it one morning, a week agone, and took Jetty's rooms. They was te let."

"What is he staying here for?"

"To pry into folk's business, I think," replied the woman. "He's always about, here, there, and everywhere; one can't stir out many yards but one meet him. Saturday last, he walks right into our place without as much as knocking; and there he turns himself round and about, looking at the rotten floor and the dripping walls, and sniffing at the bad smell that's always there, just as if he'd had much right inside as a king. "Who is your landlord?" says he, 'and does he know what a den this is?' So I told him that our landlord was Major Raynor at Eagle's Nest, and that he did know, but that nothing was done for us. He have gone, I hear, into some o' the other houses as well."

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THE FAIRY NEEDLE.

Once upon a time there lived alone in a village in the Black Forest an old woman named Gerbrina who made a living by working or doing chores for her neighbors, who repaid her by giving her food, now and then a little money.

About the time of which we are speaking a war broke out, and, as a consequence, the villagers became careful of their pocket-books and stomachs, and chose to do their own work rather than to employ others. Things looked dark for Gerbrina who was at times on the verge of starvation.

One day she was walking despondingly in the woods in search of nuts to eat, when, passing a large pile which she paused to look into it and saw a large ball, apparently of needles, lying at the bottom. Stooping down to get a better view of it, she was startled by hearing the ball exclaim, or rather screech, "Help me out!" She jumped up as quickly as she could, and ran away thinking that it must surely be an evil spirit. She had run but a few yards, however, before curiosity compelled her to retrace her steps, and she again neared the ball.

The ball repeated its request, and this time with success, for Gerbrina stood thinking awhile, and then seizing two branches, she placed the ball between them and drew it up. She then placed it on the ground, when the ball turned over and out peeped a little head, to the great wonder of the woman.

Said the needle: "I am Queen of the Porcupine Islands," and thanking the woman, it said, "I must give you a keep-sake; take this needle, and if not broken, it will secure you from want." The ball of needles then pulled out a needle from its body with its teeth, and laying it beside the woman disappeared.

Gerbrina stood mute a few minutes with astonishment, then picking up the needle which she found was as complete as if it had come out of the store, started home. She arrived at the village and met a neighbor who told her that the Countess, their mistress, who lived seven miles away, was going upon a journey in a few hours, and so must have a pair of slippers with a certain great number of stitches, and had just promised that she would give five hundred francs to the person who would bring the shoes to her in the shortest time.

The old woman hailed this news with joy, for she could sew shoes and slippers, and, moreover, was considered the fastest sewer in the village, and the reward would make her comparatively rich. She hastened to her home and getting the requisite cloth, got a thread and the needle that she received from the ball of needles, and commenced the first stitch; to her amazement the needle commenced to sew of itself with lightning rapidity, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the thread was used.

Gerbrina put in a thread long enough to sew the whole shoe, and putting the needle in it commenced to sew as before, the shoe being done in a few minutes. The other shoe was done in the same way, and, bundling them up, and taking care to secure the needle in the lining of her sleeve, she hurried to the castle where the Countess lived, and making known her business was admitted to her.

The Countess was overjoyed to see her, and gave her the money. She then told the Countess the story of the needle, and how it had helped her in want. She joyfully proceeded homeward, and took a path through the woods instead of the road. She had proceeded a great distance, when she heard a rustling, and, looking around, she saw a great snake, already poised to spring on her. Now she had put the needle in her sleeve in such a manner that the point stood out from her. She directed it to the spot, through fear, and could not move a limb. The snake advanced and began to creep again a few feet, again poised itself, and darted at the heart of the woman. She gave a shriek, but the snake, on nearing the woman's breast, happened to touch the needle. It suddenly stopped as its fangs were only a few inches from the woman, threw itself backwards and disappeared in the grass.

Gabrina ran home as quick as her tired limbs would carry her to tell this wonder. She found that the story of the needle had preceded her, and the villagers stood in groups talking about the affair. There was another woman in the village who considered herself a rival of Gabrina, and, on hearing of her success, determined on revenge, and to possess herself of this needle. She heard Gabrina, therefore, as she was talking with some of the villagers, and, seeing the needle in her sleeve, determined to get it. She at first pulled a little of the needle out without anybody seeing it. She tried again: this time the needle came nearly all out. Another pull and she would have it! She pulled it out with success, and was just about to transfer it to her own dress when, with a crash like thunder, the air around filled with the sparks, the needle broke in two pieces, one of which went into each of the woman's eyes, and made her totally blind.

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.

There are two little arteries which supply the whole face with blood, one on each side; these branch off from the main arteries on each side of the wind-pipe, and running upward and over the eyes, pass over the outside of the jaw-bone, about two-thirds of the way back from the chin to the angle of the jaw, under the ear. Each of these arteries, of course, supplies just one-half of the face, the nose being the dividing line. The left nostril is supplied with blood by the left artery, and the right nostril by the right artery. Now supposing your nose bleeds by the right nostril, with the end of the forefinger feel along the outer edge of the right jaw until you feel the beating of the artery directly under your finger, the same as the pulse in your wrist; then press the finger hard upon it, thus getting the little fellow in a tight place between your finger and the jaw-bone; the result will be that not a drop of blood goes into that side of your face while the pressure continues; hence the nose instantly stops bleeding for want of blood to flow; continue the pressure for five or ten minutes and the ruptured vessels in the nose will by that time probably contract so that when let the blood into them they will not

"Bleeding from a cut or wound anywhere, the face may be stopped in the manner

"Do tak

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LORD BYRON.

BY WILMER H. JOHNSON.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born to all that men covet and admire. But in every one of those eminent advantages which he possessed over others, there was mingled something of misery and debasement. He was sprung from a house ancient indeed, and noble, but degraded and impoverished by a series of crimes and follies which had attained a scandalous publicity. The kinsman whom he succeeded had died poor, and but for merciful judges, would have died upon the gallows. The young peer had great intellectual power, yet there was an unsound part in his mind. He had naturally a generous and tender heart, but his temper was wayward and irritable. He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mocked. Distinguished at once by the strength and by the weakness of his intellect, affectionate yet perverse, a poor lord and a handsome cripple, he repulsed, if ever man repulsed, the fiends, and the most judicious training. But especiously as nature had dealt with him, the relative to whom the office of preserving his character was intrusted was more capricious still. She passed from paroxisms of rage to paroxisms of fondness. At one time she stifled him with her caresses, at another time she insulted his deformity. He came into the world, and the world treated him as his mother treated him—sometimes with kindness, sometimes with severity, never with justice. Is indulged him without discrimination. He was the spoiled child; not merely the spoiled child of nature, but the spoiled child of nature, the spoiled child of fortune, the spoiled child of fame, the spoiled child of society. His first poems were received with a contempt which, fetched as they were, they did not absolutely deserve. At twenty-four he found himself on the highest pinnacle of literary fame, with Scott, Wordsworth, Southey and a crowd of other distinguished writers, beneath his feet. There is scarcely an instance in history of so sudden a rise to so dizzy an eminence.

Byron lived as many men live who have no similar excuse to plead for their faults. But his countrymen and his countrywomen would love him and admire him. They were resolved to see in his excesses only the flash and the sparkle that same fiery mist which glowed in his poetry. He attacked religion; yet in religious circles his name was mentioned with fondness, and in many religious families his works were censured with singular tenderness. He lampooned the Prince Regent; yet he could not alienate the Tories. Everything, it seemed, was to be given to youth, rank and genius. But when public decency, and society, capricious in its indignation as it had been capricious in its fondness, flew into a rage with its froward and petted darling. He had been almost pampered with an habitual idolatry. He was persecuted with irrational fury.

Much has been written about those unhappy domestic occurrences which decided the fate of his life. Yet nothing ever was positively known to the public but this: That he quarreled with his wife, and that she refused to live with him. There have been false insinuations, and shrugs and shakings of the head, but we are not aware that there is before the world, substantiated by credible or even by tangible evidence, a single fact indicating that Lord Byron was more to blame than any other man who is on bad terms with his wife. The professional men whom Lady Byron consulted were understood to be of opinion that she ought not to live with her husband. But it is to be remembered that they formed that opinion without hearing both sides. We do not say, we do not mean to insinuate, that Lady Byron was in any respect in the right. We think that those who condemn her on the evidence which is now before the public, are as rash as those who condemn her husband.

The obloquy which Byron had to endure was such as might well have shaken a more constant mind. The newspapers were filled with lampoons. The theatres shook with execrations. He was excluded from circles where he had once been the observed of all observers. The unhappy man left his country forever. The howl of contumely followed him across the Channel, the Rhine, over the Alps; it gradually waxed fainter; it died away. Those who had raised it began to ask each other what, after all, was the matter and which they had been so clamorous, and wished to invite back the criminal whom they had just chased from them. His poetry became more popular than it had ever been, and his complaints were read with a sympathy which, during a series of thousands who had never seen his face. He had fixed his home on the shores of the Adriatic, in the most picturesque and interesting part of the most splendid and brightest of skies, and by the brightest of seas. Censoriousness was not the vice of the neighbors he had chosen. From the public opinion of the country of his adoption he had nothing to dread. With the public opinion of the country of his birth he was at open war. He plunged into wild and desperate excesses ennobled by no generous or tender sentiment. From his Venetian harem he sent forth volume after volume, full of eloquence, of wit, of pathos, of ribaldry and of bitter disdain. His health sank under the effects of his intemperance. His hair turned grey. His food ceased to nourish him. A hectic fever withered him up. It seemed that his body and mind were about to perish together. From this wretched degradation he was in some sort rescued by an attachment, culpable indeed, yet such as, judged by the standard of morality established in the country where he lived, might be called virtuous. A young lady, whose head so put it on her back, and if it isn't trimmed in another style she must do it. Now the style costs more, but it can't compete with the older kind for real comfort.

among the replies to an advertisement of a ladies' committee for a matron, governess, artist, music teacher, &c., was the following: Gentlemen—I desire your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

Mistress—"Come Bridget, how much longer are you going to be about filling that pepper box?" Bridget (fresh importation from where they don't use pepper castors)—"Shure, ma'am, and its meself can't say how long it will be takin', not to give this stuff to the thing through the little holes in the top."

In Nevada a man was boasting of the wonderful scent of his dog and how far he could trace his master. He concluded his yarn with the triumphant query, "What d'ye think about that?" "Do you want to know what I think about it?" said one of the by-standers; "well, I think you'd better go and take a bath."

A funny little ornament for a bureau is a square piece of glass, upon which a mouse is seen each way, embroidered on the edge with some fanciful design in worsted and having in the centre the words "scratch my back." It is hung on the gas fixture by a cord and tassel, and whenever you discover the back to be a piece of sandpaper to scratch matches on.

He could remember the names of all the letters in the alphabet except B and to impress that upon his memory Jennie laid him to think of the bee. Next time he was asked to name the letters he remembered the first, but the second stumped him again; he hesitated a moment, then with a smile said, "Oh! I know, that's the stinger!"—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A Worcester County clergyman who recently dissolved his connection with his parish, at the close of his farewell sermon, in which he told his side of a church quarrel, gave out a hymn for the choir and congregation to sing. The tune was played, when the choir and congregation skipped the first and sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

At a recent examination in one of the schools in Washington, the question was put to a class of small boys—"Why is the Connecticut River so called?" A bright little fellow put up his hand. "Do you know, James?" "Yes, ma'am, because it separates Vermont and New Hampshire, and cuts through Massachusetts!" was the triumphant reply.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD boy, of solemn visage, stood before the monkey-cage at the Zoological Gardens on Sunday, and heaved a deep sigh as he whispered: "If I had four legs, folks would feed me on cheese and ginger-snaps. I hain't got but two, and it's taters and bread from one year to nother." Catching sight of an ape with a boy sitting on him, the boy continued: "If I was babbooned, and had ugly lips like a sore cow, people would pass me easily and call me pretty!" After resting a minute, he observed: "I can't help hang to a limb by one paw in that air cage can, and so nobody hands me cuts or jaw-breakers, and found the papers every day put thing good 'bout me!"

It was an a revival meeting; the room became so crowded that it became necessary to procure more seats. Those were quickly shoved away in the aisle; one of the members went up to hand them down, and, by the time he got the hymn, "Hold the Fort." The aisle floor consisted of the plastering which constituted the ceiling of the room below, and which circumstances the chair-seater was not aware. So just as the choir came to the end of the stanza down came one leg of the unfortunate chair handed. The choir, however, did not notice the circumstance, and sang on, and the refrain: "Hol'my comrades, see the signal waving in the skies—circumstances now quite different etc. Just at this instant the other leg appeared, nothing singing was drowned by the roaring laughter of the congregation.

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For Old and Young.
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THE FASHIONS.

We greet our fair friends with best wishes for the New Year that has dawned in such a good old-fashioned and freezing way.

We present a charming toilette for the approval of those of good taste, composed of select and fine *costumere de l' Inde*.

The underskirt is of dark green velvet, made plain and rather long—that is in the train, which extends only three feet—it hitches directly in the back. The overdress is of lighter green cashmere, exquisitely fine and soft, and has a front pointed low down on the left side.

This front is draped in folds, carelessly disposed and drawn away rather lightly towards the back, where a long breadth hangs plainly from the belt, but is caught up by a large scarf knot of the material, and hangs in artistic folds.

On the right-hand side a folded scarf passes from the back drapery diagonally down and til it meets the front width, which on this side passes under a wide velvet fold in the form of a draped scarf.

The waist is of velvet, laced up in the back and filling the figure closely, and of the simplest *cutsyne* shape.

It is simply corded with the cashmere, and is itself made of the velvet.

A full frilled fichu of the cashmere is adjusted to the shoulders.

This *corsage* is for indoor wear.

The sleeves are of cashmere, with deep velvet cuffs and a puff of velvet at the shoulders.

An overcoat of velvet is provided for the promenade or the carriage, in connection with this toilette.

It is long and shortie-breasted, having elaborate frogs of silk passementerie for fastening the front.

No trimming is used only a triple sording of silk of a shade lighter than the velvet.

Deep, square cuffs finish the sleeves.

This is one of the most unique costumes we have seen anywhere.

A dress of striped lincolnine in shades of fawn color and havanna brown was made with a deep box-pleated flounce on the lower skirt, stitched by machine, two inches from the top, and then four or five inches below that.

A polonaise of the material was made double-breasted, buttoned from the left shoulder to the bottom of the hem, with a triple row of small buttons.

A pleated pocket loops the left side.

The right side is looped under the back width in four or five upturned folds.

Plain coat sleeves and pointed cuffs, cut bias, finished on the outer seam with three small buttons.

The polonaise is untied at the bottom.

A tailored standing collar finishes the neck.

A costume for a girl of fourteen is shown of dark bavy blue cashmere combined with *marcelaise* of a similar tint.

The underskirt is of the cashmere, having a deep kilted flounce.

The overdress is a polonaise aid of the *marcelaise*. It has a Marguerite back without the boufferie drapery, falling for some inches below the waist-line very plainly.

It is caught up by a bow with ends and loops.

The front has a triple row of buttons down the centre.

Hat of dark blue felt, with pointed crown and with down-turned rim.

The latter bound with a broad bias of velvet.

A band of velvet within four inches wide, encircles the crown, and falls in long ends and loops at the back.

A *pelerine* for a little girl was shown of seal brown select, with satin stripes running longitudinally, two and a half inches wide, and about four inches apart.

The *pelerine* was cut Gabrielle, and has the front closed with six bows of satin ribbon.

A wide sash of brown satin ribbon is set in on each side of the back width, quite low down, and is tied across the middle of it in a large loose bow with hanging end.

A toque of brown select, twined up with seal fur, and hanging a pompon of the fur in front, held in place by a silver buckle, accompanies this pretty over garment.

Muff of brown satin bordered with seal fur, and trimmed at sleeves tipped with seal fur, completes the set.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Lace strings to bonnets are growing in popularity as they keep the ears warm.

Long cameos set as rosette earring are very popular

Mitles of dead gold with a raised figure in polished gold, are worn with the lace scarfs about the neck.

Dauntre polonaises combined with castlemere, are much worn for shed bilettes.

Navy blue is more popular this winter than dark green.

Knickerbocker Dolmans are fashionably worn for the opera, receptions, &c.

Pretty bib-shaped ties, formed of insertion and lace, and pendant from a ruff or lace, are among the novelties. Loops of ribbon are intermingled.

Seal brown velvet is the preferred color for bonnets.

Seal skin gloves are worn by some ladies in preference to muffs.

Felt boots are among the comfortable fancies for this cold weather—fur tipped—and they are a luxury.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Colladay for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We suggest for this week a Wall Pocket for house, etc. made of perforated board, silvered, or having a black back ground. If the silver is put on before working, the whole work the design upon should be shaded green and purple or blue, with an intermix ture of sulphur yellow.

If the black ground is chosen, then the design may be one of different colored flowers, rosebuds, carnations, violets, etc.

The black ground being the newest fancy, we will recommend it for the pocket of purpose describing today.

Cut a square or oblong piece for the back either form which may be preferred.

Point the upper part, and work a cluster of fuschias with buds and flower-bells pendant.

Work some of the flowers in carmine colored silk, and deep violet shades. The outer petals of the carmine, the inner or corolla of the violet color.

Work the stamens in carmine tipped with yellow.

Work some of the other flowers in white silk, as to the outer petals, and rose colored as to the corolla.

Work the buds in shaded green with here and there a touch of brown.

This cluster must be in the centre of that part of the back piece which shows above the pocket.

For the pocket-flap work a larger and more elaborate cluster of fuschias, mingling the white and carmine colored as above, and introducing on the sides of the cluster hanging sprays or blades of grass mostly outlined, and worked in light shades of green and brown.

Border the entire case with an interlacing vine pattern, done in the same colors, green and pale yellow.

Instead of fastening the bottom of the pocket flap plainly to the edge of the back, sew thereon an oval piece of carmine-colored silk, letting the printed ends flap up between the depth and form of the pocket.

Line the back and the pocket flap with black Marcellaine silk, and place a carmine colored loop of ribbon at the point of the back piece, through which to hang it by, and it will be finished.

ANSWERS TO SOME CORRESPONDENTS.

"Buttleville"—We can furnish you the material for the lace note, mentioned for sale.

The ink would spoil the paper given—sixty-seven cents, and two stamps for mailing.

The pinchers can be procured from 6 to 8 inches apiece, of course there must possibly be no difference—can also be had.

We can furnish any of the above-mentioned articles on receipt of price for prices.

For answers by mail please inclose stamps.

"Subscriber."—The chalkaline plaits are still worn, also the double plaits—for a seal skin muff by all means.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SECRET CHAMBER.

In Three Chapters.

CHAPTER II.

Lord Gowrie was very grave, and very pale. He was standing with his hand on his son's shoulder to wake him; his dress was unchanged from the moment they had parted. And the sight of this formal costume awoke Lord Randolph to the present as he started up in his bed. But next moment he seemed to know exactly how it was, and, more than that, to have known it all his life. Explanation seemed unnecessary. At any other moment, in any other place, a man would be startled to be suddenly woke up in the middle of the night. But Lindores had no such feeling; he did not even ask a question, but sprang up, and fixed his eyes, taking in all the strange circumstances on his father's face.

"Get up, my boy," said Lord Gowrie, "and dress as quickly as you can it is full time. I will have lighted your candles, and the rest of your things are all ready. You have had a good long sleep."

Even now he did not ask, What is it? as under any other circumstances he would have done. He got up—in about a second, with an impulse of nervous speed and rapidity of movement such as only excitement can give, and dressed himself, his father helping him silently. It was a curious scene: the room gleaming with lights, the silence, the hurried toilet, the stillness of deep night all around. The house, though so full, and with the echoes of festivity but just over, was quiet as if there was not a creature within it—more quiet, indeed, for the stillness of vacancy is not half so impressive as the stillness of hushed and slumbering life.

Lord Gowrie went to the table when this first step was over, and poured out a glass of wine from a bottle which stood there,—a rich, golden-colored, perfumy wine, which seemed to steal through the room. "This will want all your strength," he said; "take this before you go. It is the famous Imperial Tokay; there is only a little left, and you will want all your strength."

Lindores took the wine; he had never drunk any like it before, and the peculiar fragrance remained in his mind, as perfumes so often do, with a whole world of association in them. His father's eyes dwelt upon him with a tenderly sympathy. "You are going to encounter the greatest trial of your life," he said; and taking the young man's hand into his, felt his pulse. "It is quick, but it is quite firm, and you have had a good long sleep." Then he did what it needs a great deal of pressure to induce an Englishman to do—he kissed his son on the cheek. "God bless you!" he said, falteringly. "Come, now, everything is ready, Lindores."

He took up in his hand a small lamp, which he had apparently brought with him, and led the way. By this time Lindores began to feel himself again, and to wake to the consciousness of all his own superiorities and enlightenments. The simple sense that he was one of the members of a family with a secret, and that the moment of his personal encounter with this special power of darkness had come, had been the first thrilling, overwhelming thought. But now as he followed his father, Lindores began to remember that he was a man altogether of other men; that there was that in him which would make it natural that he should throw some light, hitherto unthought of, upon this very *double*, in terror and fear. What secret even there might be in it—secret of hereditary tendency, of psychic force, of mental conformation, or of some curious combination of circumstances at once more and less potent than these—it was for him to find out. He gathered all his forces about him, reminded himself of modern enlightenment, and bade his nerves be steel in all vulgar terrors. And felt his own pulse as he followed his father. To spend the night perhaps amongst the skeletons of that old-world massacre, and to peer into the sins of his ancestors—to grapple within the range of some optical illusion believed in hitherto by all the generations, and which, no doubt, was of a startling kind, or his father would not look so serious and ask if he felt himself quite strong to encounter. His heart and spirit rose. A young man has but seldom the opportunity of distinguishing himself so early in his career, and life was such a chance as occurs to very few. No doubt it was something that would be extremely trying to the nerves and imagination. He called up all his powers to strengthen both. And along with this call upon himself to exertion, there came the less serious impulse of curiosity; he would see at last what the Secret Chamber was, where it was, how it fitted into the labyrinth of the old house. This was the time to put this due place as a most interesting object. He said to himself that he would willingly have gone a long journey as any time to be present at an exploration like this, and there is no doubt that in other circumstances a secret chamber, with probably some unthought-of historical interest in it, would have been a very fascinating discovery. He tried very hard to excite himself about this; but it was curious how fictitious he felt the interest; and how conscious he was that it was an effort to feel any curiosity at all on the subject. The fact was, that the Secret Chamber was entirely secondary —thrown back, as all accessories are, by a more pressing interest. The overpowering thought of what was in it drove back all healthy, natural curiosity about itself.

It must not be supposed, however, that the father and son had a long way to go to have time for all these thoughts. Thoughts travel at lightning speed, and there was abundant leisure for this between the time they left the door of Lindores' room and gone down the corridor, no further off than to Lord Gowrie's own chamber, naturally one of the chief rooms of the house. Nearly opposite this, a few steps further on, was a little neglected room devoted to lumber, with which Lindores had been familiar all his life. Why this nest of old rubbish, dust, and cobwebs should be so near the bedroom of the head of the house had been a matter of surprise to many people—to the guests who saw it while exploring, and to each new servant in succession who planned an attack upon its ancient stores, scandalized by finding it to have been neglected by their predecessors. All their attempts to clear it out had, however, been resisted, nobody could tell how, or indeed thought it worth while to inquire. For Lindores, he had been used to the place from his childhood, and therefore accepted it as the most natural thing in the world. He had been in and out a hundred times in his play. And it was here, he remembered suddenly, that he had seen the bad picture of Earl Robert which had so curiously come into his eyes on his journeying here, by a mental movement which he had identified at once as unconscious cerebration. The first feeling in his mind, as his father went to the open door of this lumber-room, was a sense of extraordinary surprise. What was he going to pick up there? come old pentacle, some amulet or scrap of antiquated magic to act as armor against the evil one? But Lord Gowrie, going on and setting down the light, turned round, and looked upon his son with a face of agitation and pain which barred all further amusement; he grasped him by the hand, crushing it between his own. "Now, my boy, my dear son," he said, in tones that were scarcely audible. His countenance was full of the dreary pain of a looker-on—one who has no share in the excitement of personal danger, but has the most terrible part of watching those who are in deadliest peril. He was a powerful man, and his large form shook with emotion; great beads of moisture stood on his brow. He took up the old sword of cross handle lay upon a dusty chair among other dusty and battered relics. "Take this with you," he said, in the same inaudible, breathless way—whether as a weapon, or what he meant, religious symbol Lindores could not guess. The young man took it mechanically. His father pushed open a door which it seemed to him he had never seen before, and led him into another vaulted chamber. Here even the limited powers of speech Lord Gowrie had retained seemed to forsake him, and his voice became a mere hoarse murmur in his throat. For the first time it occurred to Lindores that the door in the further corner of this small vacant room, gave him to understand by a gesture that he was to knock there, and then went down on his knees in prayer. The door into this was left open, and a faint glimmer of the lamp shed light into this little intermediate place—this debatable land between the seen and the unseen. In spite of himself, Lindores' heart began to beat. His made a breathless pause, feeling his head go round. He held the old sword in his hand, not knowing what it was. Then, summoning all his resolution, he struck a loud knock at the closed door. His knock was not loud, but it seemed to echo all over the silent house. Would everybody hear and wake, and rush to see what had happened? This caprice of imagination seized upon him, ousting all the firmer thoughts, the steadfast calm of mind with which he ought to have encountered the mystery. Would they all rush in, in a wild *bouleville*, in terror and dismay, before the door opened? How long it was of opening? He touched the panel with his hand again. This time there was no delay. In a moment, as if thrown suddenly open by some one within, the door moved. It opened just wide enough to let him enter, stopping half-way as if some one invisible held it, wide enough for welcome, but no more. Lindores stepped across the threshold with a beating heart. What was he about to see? the skeletons of the murdered victims? a ghostly charnel-house full of bloody traces of crime? He seemed to be hurried and pushed in as he made that step. What was this world of mystery into which he was plunged—what was it he saw?

He saw—nothing—except what was agreeable enough to look at—antiquated room hung with tapestry, very old tapestry of rude design, its colors faded into softness and harmony; between its folds here and there a panel of carved wood, made for a design, with traces of half-worn gilding; a table covered with strange instruments, parchments, chemical tubes, and curious machinery, all with a quaintness of form and richness of material that spoke of age. A heavy old velvet cover, thick with embroidery faded almost out of all color, was on the table; on the wall above it, something like the picture of the old Venetian mirror, the glass so dim and crusted that it scarcely reflected at all; on the floor an old soft Persian carpet, worn into a vague blending of all colors. This was all that he thought he saw. His heart, which had been thumping so loud as almost to choke him, stopped that tremendous up-and and down-ward motion like a steam piston; and he grew calm. Perfectly still, dim, unoccupied: yet not so dim either; there was no apparent source of light, no windows, curtains of tapestry drawn everywhere—no lamp visible, yet—not the kind of strange light which made everything quite clear. He looked round, trying to smile at his terrors, trying to say to himself that it was the most curious place he had ever seen —glad he must shew Harrington some of that tapestry—that he must really bring away a panel of that carving—when he suddenly saw that the door was shut by which he had entered—no, more than shut, indiscernible, covered like all the rest of the walls by that strange tapestry. At this his heart began to beat again in spite of him. He had been more than brave, he had been up to more vivid being with a sudden start. Had his eyes been incapable of vision on his first entrance? Who was that in the great chair?

It seemed to Lindores that he had seen neither the chair nor the man when he came in. There they were, however, solid and unmistakable; the chair carved like the stalls, the man seated in front of the table. He looked at Lindores with a calm and open gaze, inspecting him. The young man's heart seemed in his throat like a bird, but he was brave, and in his mind made a final effort to steady this spell. He tried to speak, laboring with a voice that would not sound, and with lips too parched to form a word.

"I see how it is," was what he wanted to say.

It was Earl Robert's face that was looking at him; and startled as he was, he dragged forth his philosophy to support him. What could it be but optical delusions, unconscious cerebration, occult seizure by the impressed and struggling mind of this one countenance? But he could not bear himself speak any word as he stood convulsed, struggling with dry lips and choking voice.

The Appearance smiled, as if knowing his thoughts—not unkindly, not malignly—with a certain amusement, mingled with scorn. Then he spoke, and the sound seemed to breathe through the room not like any voice that Lindores had ever heard, a kind of utterance of the place, like the rustle of the air or the ripple of the sea. "You will learn better to-night: this is no phantom of your brain: it is I."

"In God's name," cried the young man in his soul; he did not know whether the words ever got into the air or not, if there was any air;—"In God's name, who are you?"

The figure rose as if coming to him to reply; and Lindores, overcome by the apparent approach, struggled into utterance. A cry came from him—he heard it this time—and even in his extremity felt a pang the more to hear the terror in his own voice. But he did not flinch, he stood desperate, all his strength concentrated in the act; he neither turned nor recoiled. Vaguely gleaming through his mind came the thought that to be thus brought in contact with the unseen was the attainment to be most desired on earth, the final settlement of a hundred questions; but his faculties were not sufficiently under command to entertain it. He only stood firm, that was all.

And the figure did not approach him; after a moment it subsided back again into the chair—subsided, for no sound, not the faintest, accompanied its movements. It was the form of a man of middle age, the hair white, but the beard only crisped with grey, the features those of the picture—a familiar face, more or less like all the Randolphs, but with an air of dignity and power altogether unlike that of the race. He was dressed in a long robe of dark color, embroidered with strange lines and angles. There was nothing repellant or terrible in his air—nothing except the unlessened calm, the absolute stillness, which was as much in the place as in him, to keep up the involuntary trembling of the beholder. but was not full of dignity and thoughtfulness, and not malignant or unkind. He might have been the kindly patriarch of the house, watching over its fortunes in a seclusion like Heaven. The terror that had been beating in Lindores were stilled. What was his panic for? a gleam even of self-ridicule took possession of him, to be standing there like an absurd hero of antiquated romance with the rusty, dusty sword—good for nothing, surely not adapted for use against this noble old magician—in his hand—

"You are right," said the voice, once more awakening his thoughts ;"what could you do with that sword against me, young Lindores. Put it up. Why should my children meet me like an enemy? You are my boy, my first born. Give me your hand."

A shiver ran through the young man's frame. The hand that was held out to him was large and shapely and white, with a straight line across the palm—a family token upon which the Randolph's prided themselves—a friendly hand; and the face smiled upon him, fixing him with those calm and blue grey eyes.

"Come," said the voice. The sword seemed to fill the place, melting upon him from every corner, whispering around him with softest persuasion. He was lulled and calmed in spite of himself. Spirit or no spirit, why should not he accept this proffered courtesy? What harm could come of it? The chief thing that retained him was the dragging of the sword, heavy and useless, which he held mechanically, but with some internal feeling—he could not tell what—prevented him from putting down. Superstition, was it?

"Yes, that is superstition," said his ancester, serenely; "put it down and come."

"You know my thoughts," said Lindores; "I did not speak."

"Your mind spoke, and spoke justly. Put down that emblem of brute force and superstition together. Here it is the intelligence that is supreme. Come."

Lindores stood doubtful. He was calm; the power of thought was restored to him. If this benevolent, venerable patriarch was all he seemed, why his father's terror? why the secrecy in which his being was involved? His own mind, though calm, did not seem to act in the usual way. Thoughts seemed to be driven across it as by the wind. One of these came to him suddenly now—

"How there looked him in the face,
An angel beautiful and bright,
And how he knew it was a fiend."

The words were not ended, when Earl Robert replied suddenly with impatience in his voice, "Fiends are of the fancy of men; like angels and other follies. I am your father. You know me; and you are mine Lindores. I have power beyond what you can understand; but I want flesh and blood to reign and to enjoy. Come, Lindores!"

He put out his other hand. The action, the look were those of kindness, almost of longing, and the face was familiar, the voice was that of the race. Supernatural! was it supernatural that this man should live shut up for ages? and why? and how? Was there any explanation of it? The young man's brain began to reel. He could not tell which was the more life he had left half an hour ago, or this. He tried to look around him, but could not; his eyes were caught by those other kindred eyes, which seemed to dilate and deepen as he looked at them, and drew him with a strange compulsion. He felt himself yielding, swaying towards the strange being who thus invited him. What might happen if he joined hands? in a moment, in a flash, he could tear himself from the fascination of those eyes. With a sudden strange impulse which was half despair and half a bewildering half-conscious desire to try one potency against another, he thrust forward the cross of the old sword between him and those appealing hands. "In the name of God!"

Lindores never could tell whether it was that he himself drew faith, and that the dimness of swooning came into his eyes after this violence and strain of emotion, or if it was his spirit that vanished. But there was an instantaneous change. Everything swam around him for the moment, a giddiness and blindness seized him, and he saw nothing but the vague outlines of the room, empty as it then lay before him. Gradually his consciousness came back, and he found himself standing on the same spot as before, clutching the old sword, and gradually as thought returned, recognized the same figure emerging out of the mist which —was it solely in his own eyes? had enveloped everything. But it was no longer in the same attitude. The hands which had been stretched out to him were busy now with some of the strange instruments on the table, moving about, now in the action of writing, now as if managing the keys of a telegraph. Lindores felt that his brain was all astir and set wrung; but he was still a human being of this century. He thought of the telegraph with a keen thrill of curiosity in the midst of his reviving sensations. What communication was this which was going on before his eyes? The magician worked on. He had his face turned towards his victim, but his hands moved with unceasing activity. And Lindores, as he grew accustomed to the position, began to weary—to feel like a neglected suiter waiting for an audience. To be wound up to such a strain of feeling, then left to wait, was intolerable; impatience seized upon him. What circumstances can exist, however horrible, in which a human being will not feel impatience? He had a great many efforts to suppress before he could succeed. It seemed to him that his body felt more fear than he did—that his muscles were contracted, his throat parched, his tongue refusing its office, although his mind was unaffected and undismayed. At last he found an utterance in spite of all resistance of his flesh and blood.

"Who are you?" he said hoarsely. "You that live here said suppress this house?"

The vision raised its eyes full upon him, with again that strange shadow of a smile, mocking yet not unkind. "Do you remember me," he said, "on your journey here?"

"That was a delusion." The young man gasped for breath.

"More like that you are a delusion. You have lasted but one-and-twenty years, and I—for centuries."

"How? For centuries—and why? Answer me—are you man or demon?" cried Lindories, tearing the words, as he felt, out of his own throat. "Are you living or dead?"

The magician looked at him with the same intense gaze as before. "He on my side and you shall know everything, Lindores. I want one of my own race. Others I could have in plenty; but I want you. A Randolph, a Randolph! and you. Dead, do I seem dead? You shall have everything —more than dreams can give—if you will be on my side."

Lindores could not speak.

"Can I give what I have not? I have everything—power, one thing worth having; and you shall have more than power, for you are young—my son Lindores!

To some one natural, and gave the young man strength. "Is this life," he said, "here? What is all your power worth—here? To sit for ages, and make a race unhappy?"

A momentary convulsion came across the still face. "You scorn me," he cried, with an appearance of emotion, "because you do not understand how I move the world. Power! The more than fancy can grasp. And you shall have it!" said the wizard, with what looked like a show of enthusiasm. He seemed to come nearer, to grow larger. The pale face shone upon him, at this time so close that it seemed impossible to escape. And a crowd of wishes seemed to rush upon the mind of Lindores. What harm to try if this might be true? To try—what if it were—perhaps nothing, delusions, vain show, and then there could be no harm; or perhaps there was knowledge to be had, which was power. Try, my boy! said the voice; give me your hand."

The hand that was held out to him was large and shapely and white, with a straight line across the palm—a family token upon which the Randolph's prided themselves—a friendly hand; and the face smiled upon him, fixing him with those calm and blue grey eyes.

"Come," said the voice. The sword seemed to fill the place, melting upon him from every corner, whispering around him with softest persuasion. He was lulled and calmed in spite of himself. Spirit or no spirit, why should not he accept this proffered courtesy? What harm could come of it? The chief thing that retained him was the dragging of the sword, heavy and useless, which he held mechanically, but with some internal feeling—he could not tell what—prevented him from putting down. Superstition, was it?

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The words were not ended, when Earl Robert replied suddenly with impatience in his voice, "Fiends are of the fancy of men; like angels and other follies. I am your father. You know me; and you are mine Lindores. I have power beyond what you can understand; but I want flesh and blood to reign and to enjoy. Come, Lindores!"

He put out his other hand. The action, the look were those of kindness, almost of longing, and the face was familiar, the voice was that of the race. Supernatural! was it supernatural that this man should live shut up for ages? and why? and how? Was there any explanation of it? The young man's brain began to reel. He could not tell which was the more life he had left half an hour ago, or this. He tried to look around him, but could not; his eyes were caught by those other kindred eyes, which seemed to dilate and deepen as he looked at them, and drew him with a strange compulsion. He felt himself yielding, swaying towards the strange being who thus invited him. What might happen if he joined hands? in a moment, in a flash, he could tear himself from the fascination of those eyes. With a sudden strange impulse which was half despair and half a bewildering half-conscious desire to try one potency against another, he thrust forward the cross of the old sword between him and those appealing hands. "In the name of God!"

Lindores never could tell whether it was that he himself drew faith, and that the dimness of swooning came into his eyes after this violence and strain of emotion, or if it was his spirit that vanished. But there was an instantaneous change. Everything swam around him for the moment, a giddiness and blindness seized him, and he saw nothing but the vague outlines of the room, empty as it then lay before him. Gradually his consciousness came back, and he found himself standing on the same spot as before, clutching the old sword, and gradually as thought returned, recognized the same figure emerging out of the mist which —was it solely in his own eyes? had enveloped everything. But it was no longer in the same attitude. The hands which had been stretched out to him were busy now with some of the strange instruments on the table, moving about, now in the action of writing, now as if managing the keys of a telegraph. Lindores felt that his brain was all astir and set wrung; but he was still a human being of this century. He thought of the telegraph with a keen thrill of curiosity in the midst of his reviving sensations. What communication was this which was going on before his eyes? The magician worked on. He had his face turned towards his victim, but his hands moved with unceasing activity. And Lindores, as he grew accustomed to the position, began to weary—to feel like a neglected suiter waiting for an audience. To be wound up to such a strain of feeling, then left to wait, was intolerable; impatience seized upon him. What circumstances can exist, however horrible, in which a human being will not feel impatience? He had a great many efforts to suppress before he could succeed. It seemed to him that his body felt more fear than he did—that his muscles were contracted, his throat parched, his tongue refusing its office, although his mind was unaffected and undismayed. At last he found an utterance in spite of all resistance of his flesh and blood.

"Who are you?" he said hoarsely. "You that live here said suppress this house?"

The vision raised its eyes full upon him, with again that strange shadow of a smile, mocking yet not unkind. "Do you remember me," he said, "on your journey here?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORY WOOD.—Your fairy story accepted. Shall be pleased to hear from you again.

F. F. WISE. (Richland, Iowa.)—Philadelphia is the largest city in the Union although second in population. It is 32 miles long from north to south, by about 8 miles broad from east to west, having an area of 129½ square miles. It has about 80,000 inhabitants.

WILLIS (Manorville, Pa.)—In this State, (Pa.) the legal holidays are January 1st, February 22d, July 4th, December 25th, and any day appointed by the Governor, or the President of the United States, for Thanksgiving, fasting, or public occasion. Whenever either of these days occurs on a Sunday, the Monday following is a legal holiday.

INQUIRER. (Woodlawn, N. C.)—The Atlantic cable laid in 1866 from the west coast of Ireland to Heart's Content, Ireland is now, and that of 1858, is useless. The French cable of 1869 from Brest to St. Pierre, Newfoundland, is still in use. The second transatlantic cable is broken, the electrician first employed on the work having died before location of the break; the cable is then brought to the surface at that point by grappling machinery, and spliced.

FREDERICA S., (Salem, O.)—If you cannot attend a wedding to which you have been invited, etiquette requires that you should acknowledge the receipt of the invitation and express your regret at unavoidable absence. To be a missing wedge is a breach of etiquette: "Miss —— begs leave to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to the wedding of ——— (inserting the name) and regrets that she will not be able to attend the same. She presents the bride and groom will accept her congratulations and best wishes."

F. G. WARDEN. (Belleview, Pa.)—Any degree of heat above 32°, which is the boiling point of mercury, can not be measured by any means than a mercurial thermometer. For this purpose an instrument called Pyrometer is used. It is constructed on the principle of the expansion of solids by heat. One form is made from a bar of iron or clay is laid horizontally over a brace; one end of it is fixed, the other is joined to a lever which plays over a graduated scale as the bar expands or contracts.

F. G. WELLMAN. (Richmond, Ala.)—The Janizaries were organized by the Sultan Orchan Turkey in 1330. They were Christian prisoners compelled to embrace Mohammedanism. They were destined to be the body guard of the Sultan's person. In time their members increased to nearly four hundred thousand, constituting a most formidable army and were able to depose or elevate Sultans at their will. Finally their power exceeded their power, treacherously caused the massacre of about eight thousand of their body, and a little still larger numbers were executed or banished, and the force was thus dissolved.

P. L. NETS. (Cooperville, Ky.)—The Blarney Stone is in the castle of Blarney, county Cork, Ireland. The tradition is that whoever kisses it is endowed with persuasive eloquence. It is said to have the following origin: Cormac M'Dermot Carthy, an Irish prince, was compelled to sign in 1602, an armistice with the English on condition of surrendering Blarney Castle, succeeded by his promise, and refused to keep it. Having stronghold until the assailant became the possessor of the castle. Among the three stones of the castle are said to possess the power referred to—one, dated 1446, being situated about twenty feet from the top of the lofty tower, while the other, inscribed 1703, is at the summit and easily accessible.

ANNA GORDON (Montgomery, Ind.)—Valentine pattern for outline work, mailed on February 15th, Valentine's day. Each gentleman is to provide a valentine, unless it be leap year (which this is not). The valentines are all to be placed in similar envelopes, deposited in a box, and shaken up, and then each lady in turn draws one, omitting her to save the gentleman who deposited it for partner for the evening. It will add to the sport to require the lady to guess three times which is her partner before she is able to select the right one, as she must put back the valentine and wait until the whole number before being allowed to try again. The game will thus be prolonged and cause much merriment.

T. G. SHELDON (Middletown, Va.)—The first Arctic exploring expedition, was made by a Portuguese named Corte Real, who was licensed by King Emanuel, in 1500. He attempted to discover a northwest passage from Europe to Asia, but failed to do so. In 1845 a company was formed in England called the "Fellowship for the Discovery of the Northwest Passage." Under the command of Captain Davis he sailed to the straits at the entrance of Baffin's Bay, which still bear his name. From the year 1745 to 1818 Parliament offered £20,000 for the discovery of this passage, the reward to be increased to £5,000 if mentioned year by government promising a total of £25,000 should be paid when either 110, 120, or 130 degrees west longitude should be reached, one of which payments was made to Captain Parry in 1824.

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER. (Indiana, Pa.)—If you have an aptitude for penmanship you might add something to your income by writing "locals" now and then. More attention than one can well give who is pursuing his studies at school as you are doing. The "local" is a term first applied to the paragraphs in newspapers devoted to a description of the town and its doings. Of late years, however, the term has been applied to a class of writing done by persons who are not connected with the paper, and who are paid for their work. Such writers are usually those who are in business, and who have a knack of writing up their own affairs in a way to attract attention. Sometimes they are paid by the publication of a pamphlet, sometimes by the insertion of a single article